The Hidden Spring by Bracco

Poet Lore

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Poet Lore

VOLUME XVIII SPRING 1907 NUMBER 1

THE DAUGHTER OF JORIO*

A Pastoral Tragedy

By Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Translated from the Italian by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola and Alice Henry

To the Land of the Abruzzi, to My Mother, to My Sisters, to My Brothers, also to my Father, Entombed, to All My Dead, and to All My Race between the Mountain and the Sea, this Song of the Antique Blood I Consecrate.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Lazaro Di Roio, *Father of Aligi.*
Candia Della Leonessa, *Mother of Aligi.*
Aligi, *The Shepherd-Artist.*
Splendore, Favetta, Ornella, *Aligi's Sisters.*
Vienda Di Giave, *Aligi's Bride.*
Maria Di Giave, *Mother of the Bride.*
Teodula Di Cinzio, La Cinerella, Monica Della Cogna, Anna Di Bova, Felavia, La Catalana, Maria Cora: *The Kindred.*
Mila Di Codra, *the Daughter of Jorio, the Sorcerer dalle Farne.*
Femo Di Nerfa.
Jenne Dell Eta.
Iona Di Midia.
The Old Herbwoman.
The Saint of the Mountain.

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THE TREASURE DIVINER.
THE DEVIL-POSSESSED YOUTH.
A SHEPHERD.
ANOTHER SHEPHERD.
A REAPER.
THE CROWD OF PEOPLE.
THE CHORUS OF THE KINDRED.
THE CHORUS OF REAPERS.
THE CHORUS OF WAILERS.

SCENE: The land of the Abruzzi.

TIME: Many years ago. (Placed about the sixteenth century by the Painter Michetti, who designed the scenes and costumes for the initial production in Milan.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

THIS English translation of D'Annunzio's greatest work, notable among his dramas for purity, we have set neither in blank verse, Alexandrines, nor rhyme, because none of these modes would be true to D'Annunzio's poetic effects, nor be, at once, both sufficiently simple and melodious for suitable dramatic speech on our stage.

We have sought to reproduce in English rhythm the impression of the Italian rhythm, and the Italian line-ending—which is not rhyme (in the English sense) but has a falling cadence akin to it in recurrent value. This cadence is usually best rendered in English by the feminine metrical ending here usually employed. We have made the lines vary in length and in stress, as they do in the original. Both end-rhyme and internal rhyme we have used where they were used by D'Annunzio.

Yet, while seeking to give something of the poetic effect of the Italian, we have also sought to depart little, if any, from the fidelity of a prose translation, and we have been enabled to follow with some intimacy (thanks to Mr. Isola's familiar knowledge of Italian life and lore) the rich allusions to pagan and Christian folk-custom, and the significant turns of phrase and figure peculiar to the poet. These are in this play especially important because it is both simple in its primitive emotional quality and exalted in its poetic symbolism. D'Annunzio, in this play, has indeed gone far toward proving his title to belong to those super-poets whose ideals illum-

ine the path to the next realm in human evolution. This realm is instinct with a new progressive force. And this new force is begotten of a sympathetic fusion of pagan and Christian ideals. It is a reconciliation of them, embracing both, yet distinct from either, with a nature of its own vibrating peculiarly to the spiritual needs of to-day.

To convey the spirit and vitality of the play, as a whole, has been the master-aim of this translation, and all attempts to reproduce the artistic impression and adhere to the text with fidelity we have regarded but as means toward this master-aim.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

ACT I

A ROOM on the ground floor of a rustic house. The large entrance door opens on a large sun-lit yard. Across the door is stretched, to prevent entrance, a scarlet woolen scarf, held in place at each end by a forked hoe and a distaff. At one side of the door jamb is a waxen cross to keep off evil spirits. A smaller closed door, with its architrave adorned with box-wood green, is on the wall at the right, and close against the same wall are three ancient wooden chests. At the left, and set in the depth of the wall, is a chimney and fire-place with a prominent hood; and a little at one side, a small door and near this an ancient loom. In the room are to be seen such utensils and articles of furniture as tables, benches, hasps, a swift, and hanks of flax and wool hanging from light ropes drawn between nails or hooks. Also to be seen are jugs, dishes, plates, bottles and flasks of various sizes and materials, with many gourds, dried and emptied. Also an ancient bread and flour chest, the cover of it having a carved panel representing the image of the Madonna. Beside this the water basin and a rude old table. Suspended from the ceiling by ropes is a wide, broad board laden with cheeses. Two windows, iron-grated and high up from the ground, give light, one at each side of the large door, and in each of the gratings a bunch of red buckwheat is stuck to ward off evil.

SPLENDORE, FAVETTA, ORNELLA, *the three young sisters, are kneeling each in front of one of the three chests containing the wedding dresses. They are bending over them and picking out suitable dresses and ornaments for the bride. Their gay, fresh tones are like the chanting of morning songs.*

SPLENDORE. What's your will, our own Vienda?
FAVETTA. What's your will, our dear new sister?
SPLENDORE. Will you choose the gown of woolen,
Would you sooner have the silken,
Sprayed with flowrets red and yellow?
ORNELLA [*Singing*]. Only of green shall be my arraying.
Only of green for San Giovanni,
For mid the green meadows he came to seek me,
Oili, Oili, Oila !
SPLENDORE. Look ! Here is the bodice of wondrous embroidery,
And the yoke with the gleaming thread of silver,
Petticoat rich of a dozen breadths' fullness,
Necklace strung with hundred beaded coral,—
All these given you by your new mother.
ORNELLA [*Singing*]. Only of green be or gown or bridal chamber !
Oili, oili, oila.
FAVETTA. What's your will, our own Vienda?
SPLENDORE. What's your will, our dear new sister?
ORNELLA. Pendant earrings, clinging necklace,
Blushing ribbons, cherry red?
Hear the ringing bells of noon-day,
Hear the bells ring out high noon !
SPLENDORE. See the kindred hither coming,
On their heads the hampers bearing,
Hampers laden with wheat all golden,
And you, yet not dressed and ready !
ORNELLA. Bounding, rebounding,
Sheep pass, the hills rounding.
The wolf, through valleys winding,
The nut he seeks is finding,—
The pistachio nut is finding.
See, the Bride of the Morning !
Matinal as the field-mouse
Going forth at the dawning
As the woodchuck and squirrel.
Hear, O hear, the bells' whirl !

[*All these words are spoken very swiftly, and at the close* ORNELLA *laughs joyously, her two sisters joining with her.*]

THE THREE SISTERS. Oh ! Aligi, why then don't you come?
SPLENDORE. Oh ! in velvet then must you dress?

FAVETTA. Seven centuries quite, must you rest
With your beautiful, magical Spouse?

SPLENDORE. O, your father stays at the harvesting,
Brother mine, and the star of the dawning
In his sickle-blade is showing,—
In his sickle, no rest knowing.

FAVETTA. And your mother has flavored the wine-cup
And anis-seed mixed with the water,
Sticking cloves in the roast meat
And sweet thyme in the cheeses.

SPLENDORE. And a lamb of the flock we have slaughtered,
Yea, a yearling, but fattened one season,
With head markings and spottings of sable
For the Bride and the Bridegroom.

FAVETTA. And the mantle, long sleeved, and cowl-hooded,
For Astorgio we chose it and kept it—
For the long-lived gray man of the mountain,
So our fate upon that he foretell us.

ORNELLA. And to-morrow will be San Giovanni,
Dear, my brother ! with dawn, San Giovanni !
Up the Plaia hill then shall I hie me,
To behold once again the head severed—
In the sun's disc, the holy head severed,
On the platter all gleaming and golden,
Where again the blood runs, flows and babbles.

FAVETTA. Up, Vienda ! head all golden,
Keeping long vigil; O, golden sweet tresses !
Now they harvest in the grain-fields
Wheat as golden as your tresses.

SPLENDORE. Our mother was saying : Now heed me !
Three olives I nurtured here with me;
Unto these now a plum have I added.
Ay ! three daughters, and, also, a daughter.

ORNELLA. Come Vienda, golden-plum girl !
Why delay you? Are you writing
To the sun a fair blue letter
That to-night it know no setting?

[*She laughs and the other sisters join in with her. From the small door enters their mother,* CANDIA DELLA LEONESSA.]

CANDIA [*Playfully chiding*].

Ah ! you magpies, sweet cicales !
Once for over-joy of singing
One was burst up on the poplar.
Now the cock's no longer crowing
To awaken tardy sleepers.
Only sing on these cicales,—
These cicales of high noon-day.
These three magpies take my roof-tree—
Take my door's wood for a tree-branch.
Still the new child does not heed them.
Oh ! Aligi, Aligi, dear fellow !

[*The door opens. The beardless bridegroom appears. He greets them with a grave voice, fixed eyes, and in an almost religious manner.*]

ALIGI.

All praise to Jesus and to Mary !
You, too, my mother, who this mortal
Christian flesh to me have given,
Be you blesséd, my dear mother !
Blessèd be ye, also, sisters,
Blossoms of my blood !
For you, for me, I cross my forehead
That never there come before us to thwart us
The enemy subtle, in death, in life,
In heat of sun, or flame of fire,
Or poison, or any enchantment,
Or sweat unholy the forehead moist'ning.
Father, and Saviour and Holy Spirit !

[*The* sisters *cross themselves and go out by the small door carrying the bridal dresses.* ALIGI *approaches his mother as if in a dream.*]

CANDIA.

Flesh of my flesh, thus touch I your forehead
With bread, with this fair wheaten loaf of white flour,
Prepared in this bowl of a hundred years old,
Born long before thee, born long before me,
Kneaded long on the board of a hundred years old
By these hands that have tended and held you.
On the brow, thus, I touch : Be it sunny and clear !
I touch thus the breast : Be it free from all sighing !
I touch this shoulder, and that : Be it strong !
Let them bear up your arms for long labor !
Let her rest there her head gray or golden !
And may Christ to you speak and you heed him !

[*With the loaf she makes the sign of the cross above her son, who has fallen on his knees before her.*]

ALIGI. I lay down and meseemed of Jesus I dreamed,
He came to me saying: "Be not fearful."
San Giovanni said to me: "Rest in safety.
Without holy candles thou shalt not die."
Said he: "Thou shalt not die the death accursèd."
And you, you have cast my lot in life, mother,
Allotted the bride you have chosen for me,—
Your son, and here, within your own house, mother,
You have brought her to couple with me,
That she slumber with me on my pillow,
That she eat with me out of my platter. . . .
Then I was pasturing flocks on the mountain.
Now back to the mountain I must be turning.

[*His mother touches his head with the palm of her hand as if to chase away evil thoughts.*]

CANDIA. Rise up, my son! You are strangely talking.
All your words are now changing in color
As the olive tree changes pressed by the breezes.

[*He rises, as if in a daze.*]

ALIGI. But where is my father? Still nowhere I see him.

CANDIA. Gone to the harvesting, out with the reapers,
The good grain reaping, by grace of our Saviour.

ALIGI. Once I reaped, too, by his body shaded,
Ere I was signed with the cross on my forehead,
When my brow scarcely reached up to his haunches.
But on my first day a vein here I severed,—
Here where the scar stays. Then with leaves he was bruising
The while he stanched the red blood from flowing,
"Son Aligi," said he unto me, "Son Aligi,
Give up the sickle and take up the sheep-crook:
Be you a shepherd and go to the mountain." . . .
This his command was kept in obedience.

CANDIA. Son of mine, what is this pain the heart of you hurting?
What dream like an incubus over you hovers,
That these your words are like a wayfarer,
Sitting down on his road at night's coming,

Who is halting his footsteps for knowing,
Beyond attaining is his heart's desiring,
Past his ears' hearing the Ave Maria.

ALIGI. Now to the mountain must I be returning.
Mother, where is my stout shepherd's sheep-hook
Used to the pasture paths, daily or nightly?
Let me have that, so the kindred arriving,
May see thereupon all the carving I've carved.

[*His mother takes the shepherd's crook from the corner of the fire-place.*]

CANDIA. Lo ! here it is, son of mine, take it : your sisters
Have hung it with garlands for San Giovanni,
With pinks red and fragrant festooned it.

ALIGI [*Pointing out the carving on it*].
And I have them here on the bloodwood all with me,
As if by the hand I were leading my sisters.
So, along they go with me threading green pathways,
Guarding them, mother,—these three virgin damsels—
See ! three bright angels here over them hover,
And three starry comets, and three meek doves also.
And a flower for each one I have carved here,
The growing half-moon and the sun I have carved here;
This is the priestly stole; and this is the cup sacramental,
And this is the belfry of San Biagio.
And this is the river, and this my own cabin; [*with mystery, as if with second sight*]
But who, who is this one who stands in my doorway?

CANDIA. Aligi, why is it you set me to weeping !

ALIGI. And see at the end here that in the ground enters,
Here are the sheep, and here also their shepherd,
And here is the mountain where I must be going,
Though you weep, though I weep, my mother !

[*He leans on the crook with both hands, resting his head upon them, lost in his thoughts.*]

CANDIA. But where then is Hope? What have you made of her, Son?

ALIGI. Her face has shone on me seldom;
Carve her, I could not, sooth ! Mother.

[*From the distance a savage clamor rises.*]

Mother, who shouts out so loud there?

CANDIA. The harvesters heated and frenzied,
From the craze of their passions defend them,
From sins of their blood San Giovanni restrain them!

ALIGI. Ah! Who then has drawn but that scarf there,
Athwart the wide door of our dwelling,
Leaning on it the forked hoe and distaff,
That nought enter in that is evil?
Ah! Lay there the plough-share, the wain, and the oxen,
Pile stones there against both the door-posts,
With slaked lime from all of the lime-kilns,
The bowlder with footprints of Samson,
And Maella Hill with its snow-drifts!

CANDIA. What is coming to birth in your heart, son of mine?
Did not Christ say to you,—"Be not fearful"?
Are you awake? Heed the waxen cross there,
That was blessed on the Day of Ascension,
The door-hinges, too, with holy water sprinkled,
No evil spirit can enter our doorway,
Your sisters have drawn the scarlet scarf 'cross it,—
The scarlet scarf you won in the field-match
Long before you ever became a shepherd,
In the match that you ran for the straightest furrow—
(You still remember it, son of mine?) There have they stretched it
So that the kindred who must pass through there
Offer what gifts they choose when they enter.
Why do you ask, for you well know our custom?

ALIGI. Mother! Mother! I have slept years seven hundred—
Years seven hundred! I come from afar off.
I remember no longer the days of my cradle.

CANDIA. What ails you, son? Like one in a dazement you answer.
Black wine was it your bride poured out for you?
And perhaps you drank it while yet you were fasting,
So that your mind is far off on a journey?
O Mary, blest Virgin! do thou grant me blessing!

The voice of ORNELLA *singing the nuptial song.*

Only of green shall be my arraying,

Only of green for Santo Giovanni.
Oili, oili, oila !

[*The* BRIDE *appears dressed in green and is brought forward joyously by the sisters.*]

SPLENDORE. Lo ! the bride comes whom we have apparelled
With all the joy of the spring-time season.

FAVETTA. Of gold and silver the yoke is fashioned
But all the rest like the quiet verdure.

ORNELLA. You, mother, take her ! in your arms take her !
O dear my mother, take and console her !

SPLENDORE. Shedding tears at the bedside we found her,
Thus lamenting for thinking so sorely
Of the gray head at home left so lonely.

ORNELLA. Of the jar full of pinks in the window
Her dear face not again shall lean over.
You, mother, take her ! in your arms take her !

CANDIA. Daughter, daughter, with this loaf in blessing
I have touched my own son. Lo ! now I divide it,
And over your fair shining head I now break it.
May our house have increase of abundance !
Be thou unto the dough as good leaven
That may swell it out over the bread-board !
Bring unto me peace and ah ! do not bring strife to me !

THE THREE SISTERS. So be it ! We kiss the earth, Mother !

[*They kiss the ground by leaning over and touching it with forefinger and middle finger, and then touching their lips.* ALIGI *is kneeling on one side as if in deep prayer.*]

CANDIA. O now daughter mine to my house be
As the spindle is unto the distaff;
As unto the skein is the spindle;
And as unto the loom is the shuttle !

THE THREE SISTERS. So be it ! We kiss the earth, mother !

CANDIA. O Vienda ! new daughter, child blessèd !
Lo ! midst home and pure food thus I place you.
Lo ! The walls of this house—the four corners !
God willing, the sun rises there; sinks there, God willing !
This is the northward, this is the southward.
The ridgepole this, the eaves with nests hanging,

And the chain and the crane with the andirons;
There the mortar the white salt is crushed in,
And there, too, the crock it is kept in.
O new daughter! I call you to witness
How midst home things and pure food I place you
Both for this life and life everlasting.

THE THREE SISTERS. So be it! We kiss the earth, Mother!

[VIENDA *rests her head, weeping, on the shoulder of the mother.* CANDIA *embraces her, still holding a half-loaf in each hand. The cry of the reapers is heard nearer.* ALIGI *rises like one suddenly wakened and goes toward the door. The sisters follow him.*]

FAVETTA. Now by the great heat are the reapers all maddened,
They are barking and snapping like dogs at each passer.

SPLENDORE. Now the last of the rows they are reaching,
With the red wine they never mix water.

ORNELLA. At the end of each row, they are drinking,
In the shade of the stack the jug lying.

FAVETTA. Lord of heaven! The heat is infernal,
At her tail bites the old gammer serpent.

ORNELLA [*chanting*]. Oh, for mercy! Wheat and wheat, and stubble, stubble,
First in sun burn the sickles, then wounds they trouble.

SPLENDORE. Oh mercy for father! for his arms tired,
And all his veins with labor swollen.

ORNELLA. O Aligi! you saddest of grooms
Keeping yet in your nostrils sleep's fumes!

FAVETTA. O, you know very well the rhyme turned about.
You have placed the good loaf in the jug,
You have poured the red wine in the sack.

SPLENDORE. Lo! now the kindred! Lo! now the women! they are coming.
Up, up! Vienda! and cease your weeping.
Mother! How now! They are coming. Set her free then.
Up! Golden tresses, cease your weeping!
You have wept too long. Your fine eyes are reddened!

[VIENDA *dries her tears on her apron and taking the apron up by the two*

Corners receives in it the two pieces of the loaf from the mother.]

CANDIA. In blood and in milk return it to me !
Goldenhair, come now, sit on the settle.
Oh ! Aligi, you too, come sit here ! and wake up !
One of you here, one of you there, thus stay ye,
Children, thus, at each side of the door.
Be it wide open for all to see in there
The wide bed so wide that in order to fill it—
The mattress to fill—I used up the straw-stack.
Ay ! the whole of the stack to the bare pole,
With the crock sticking up on the tiptop !

[CANDIA *and* SPLENDORE *place a small bench each side of the door, where the couple sit composed and silent, looking at each other,* ORNELLA *and* FAVETTA *looking out toward the road at the large door. The yard is in dazzling sunlight.*]

FAVETTA. See ! They are coming up the road slowly
In single file, all : Teodula di Cinzio
And Cinerella, Monica, Felavia,
And Catalana delle Tre Bisacce,
Anna di Bova, Maria Cora . . . but who is the last one?

CANDIA. Come on then, Splendore, do help me spread out now
The bedspread I wove of silk doubled,
Woven for you, Vienda, dear green bud,
As green as the grass of the meadow,
The sweet grass, early bee, where you hover.

ORNELLA. Who is last? Can you tell us, Vienda?
Oh ! I see yellow grain in the hampers,
And it glitters like gold. Who can she be?
Gray at the temple, beneath the white linen,
Gray as the feathery bryony branches.

FAVETTA. Your mommy ! dear child, is she your mommy?

[VIENDA *rises suddenly as if to rush to her mother. In so doing she lets the bread fall from her apron. She stops, shocked.* ALIGI *rises and stands so as to prevent the mother from seeing.*]

ORNELLA [*greatly concerned, in a frightened voice*].
O Lord save us ! Pick it up again.
Pick it up, kiss it, ere mamma see it.

[VIENDA, *terrified and overwhelmed by frightful superstition, is stricken immovable, rigid, staring at the two half-loaves with glassy eyes.*]

FAVETTA. Pick it up, kiss it, sad is the angel.

Make a vow silently, promise greatly,
Call on San Sisto, lest Death should appear.

[*From within are heard the blows given with the hand on mattress and pillows and the wind carries to the ear the clamor of the reapers.*]

ORNELLA. San Sisto ! San Sisto !
Oh ! hear ye, and list, oh !
Black death, evil sprite,
By day, by night,
Chase from our walls !
Drive from our souls !
Oh ! crumble and tear
The evil eye's snare,
As the sign of the cross I make !

[*While murmuring the conjuring words she rapidly gathers up the two half-loaves, pressing each to* VIENDA'S *lips, kissing them herself, and then placing each in the apron, making the sign of the cross over them. She then leads the bridal couple to their benches, as the first of the women kindred appears at the door with the offerings, stopping in front of the scarlet scarf. The women each carry on the head a hamper of wheat adorned with flowing ribbons of various colors. On each basket rests a loaf of bread and on top of each loaf a wild flower.* ORNELLA *and* FAVETTA *take each one end of the scarf while still leaving hoe and distaff in place against the wall, but so posed as to bar entrance.*]

FIRST WOMAN, TEODULA DI CINZIO.
Ohè ! Who watches the bridges?

FAVETTA AND ORNELLA [*in unison*].
Love open-eyed and Love blind.

TEODULA. To cross over there I desire.

FAVETTA. To desire is not to acquire.

TEODULA. I clambered the mountain ridges,
Now down through the valley I'll wind.

ORNELLA. The torrent has taken the bridges,
Too swift runs the river you'll find.

TEODULA. Set me over in your boat.

FAVETTA. She leaks too fast to keep afloat.

TEODULA. I'll calk her with tow and resin.

ORNELLA. Leaks full seven split and stove her.

TEODULA. Then I'll give you pieces seven.
On your shoulder bear me over.

FAVETTA. Oh, no ! Help of mine you must lack.

The wild water fills me with fright.

TEODULA. Lend me a lift on your back.
I'll give you this silver piece bright.

ORNELLA. Too little ! Your eight bits, indeed,
Would not keep my ribbons new.

TEODULA. Tuck up your skirt. Plunge in bare-kneed.
A ducat of gold I'll give to you.

[*The first woman,* TEODULA, *gives* ORNELLA *a piece of money. She receives it in her left hand, while the other women come closer to the door. The bridal pair remain seated and silent.* CANDIA *and* SPLENDORE *enter from the small door.*]

ORNELLA AND FAVETTA [*in unison*].
Pass on then, O you fair Lady !
And all these in your company !

[ORNELLA *puts the money in her bosom and takes away the distaff,* FAVETTA *the hoe, they then leave both leaning against the wall.* ORNELLA, *with a quick movement, withdraws the scarf making it wave like a slender pennant. The women then enter one by one, in line, still holding their baskets balanced on their heads.*]

TEODULA. Peace be with you, Candia della Leonessa !
And peace, too, with you, son of Lazaro di Roio !
And peace to the bride whom Christ has given !

[*She places her basket at the bride's feet and, taking out of it a handful of wheat, she scatters it over* VIENDA'S *head. She then takes another handful and scatters it over* ALIGI'S.]

This is the peace that is sent you from Heaven :
That on the same pillow your hair may whiten,
On the same pillow to old age ending.
Nor sin nor vengeance be between you,
Falsehood nor wrath, but love, love only,
Daily, till time for the long, long journey.

[*The next woman repeats the same ceremony and action, the others meanwhile remaining in line awaiting their turn, with the hampers on their heads. The last one, the mother of the bride, remains motionless near the threshold, and dries her face of tears and perspiration. The noise of the riotous reapers increases and seems to come nearer. Besides this noise from time to time, in pauses, now and again the ringing of bells is heard.*]

CINERELLA. For this is peace and this is plenty.

[*Suddenly a woman's cry is heard outside coming from the yard.*]

THE VOICE OF THE UNKNOWN WOMAN.

Help ! Help ! For Jesus' sake, our Saviour !
People of God, O people of God, save ye me !

[*Running, panting from fright and exertion, covered with dust and briars, like a hart run down by a pack of hunting dogs, a woman enters. Her face is covered by a mantle. She looks about bewildered, and withdraws to the corner near the fire-place, opposite to the bridal pair.*

THE UNKNOWN WOMAN.

People of God ! O save ye me !
The door there ! O shut tight the door there.
Put ye up all the bars ! Securely.—
They are many, and all have their sickles.
They are crazed,—crazed with heat and strong drinking.
They are brutal with lust and with cursing.
Me would they hunt,—they would seize me;
They would hunt me, they would seize me, me,—
The creature of Christ, ay, me,—
The unhappy one, doing no evil !
Passing I was—alone—by the roadside.—
They saw me.—They cried.—They insulted.
They hurled sods and stones.—They chased me.—
Ay ! like unto hounds that are hungry,
They would seize me and tear me and torture.
They are following me, O most wretched !
They are hunting me down, people of God !
Help ye ! Save me ! The door, O shut it to !
The door !—They are maddened—will enter !
They will take me from here,—from your hearthstone—
(The deed even God cannot pardon) !—
From your hearthstone that blest is and sacred
(And aught else but that deed God pardons)—
And my soul is baptized,—I am Christian—
Oh ! help ! O for San Giovanni's sake help me !
For Mary's sake, her of the seven dolors !
For the sake of my soul.—For your own soul !

[*She stays by the hearth, all the women gathering at the side opposite her.* VIENDA *close to her mother and godmother.* ALIGI *stands outside the circle unmoved, leaning on his crook. Suddenly* ORNELLA *rushes to the door, closes it and bars it. A somewhat inimical murmur arises from the circle of women.*]

Ah ! tell me your name,—how they call you,—
Your name, that wherever I wander,
Over mountains, in valleys I bless it,
You, who in pity are first here,
Though in years yours are least in the counting !

[*Overcome she lets herself drop on the hearth, bowed over upon herself with her head resting on her knees. The women are huddled together like frightened sheep.* ORNELLA *steps forward toward the stranger.*]

ANNA. Who is this woman? Holy Virgin !

MARIA. And is this the right way to enter
The dwelling of God-fearing people?

MONICA. And Candia, you ! What say you?

LA CINERELLA. Will you let the door stay bolted?

ANNA. Is the last to be born of your daughters,
The first to command in your household?

LA CATALANA. She will bring down upon you bad fortune,
The wandering she-dog, for certain !

FELAVIA. Did you mark? How she entered that instant
While yet Cinerella was pouring
On Vienda her handful of wheat flour
Ere Aligi had got his share fully?

[ORNELLA *goes a step nearer the wretched fugitive.* FAVETTA *leaves the circle and joins her.*]

MONICA. How now ! Are we, then, to remain here,
With our baskets still on our heads loaded?

MARIA. Sure it would be a terrible omen
To put down on the ground here our baskets
Before giving our offerings to them.

MARIA DI GIAVE. My daughter, may Saint Luke defend you !
Saint Mark and Saint Matthew attend you !
Grope for your scapulary round your neck hanging
Hold it closely and offer your prayer.

[SPLENDORE, *too, comes forward and joins the sisters. The three girls stand before the fugitive, who is still prostrate, panting and trembling with fear.*]

ORNELLA. You are over sore-pressed, sister,
And dusty and tired, you tremble.
Weep no more, since now you are safe here.
You are thirsty. Your drink is your tears.
Will you drink of our water and wine? Your face
bathe?

[*She takes a small bowl, draws water from the earthen receptacle and pours wine into it.*]

FAVETTA. Are you of the valleys or elsewhere?
Do you come from afar? And whither
Do you now bend your steps, O Woman!
All desolate thus by the road-side!

SPLENDORE. Some malady ails you, unlucky one?
A vow then of penitence made you?
To the Incoronata were travelling?
May the Virgin answer your prayers!

[*The fugitive lifts her head slowly and cautiously, with her face still hidden in the mantle.*]

ORNELLA [*offering the bowl*]. Will you drink, now, daughter of Jesus?

[*From outside a noise is heard as of bare feet shuffling in the yard and voices murmuring. The stranger, again stricken with fear, does not drink from the proffered bowl but places it on the hearth and retires trembling to the further corner of the chimney.*]

THE UNKNOWN ONE. They are here, O they come! They are seeking
For me! They will seize me and take me.
For mercy's sake, answer not, speak not.
They will go if they think the house empty,
And do nothing evil; but if you
Are heard, if you speak or you answer
They will certainly know I have entered.
They will open the door, force it open. . . .
With the heat and the wine they are frenzied,
Mad dogs! and here is but one man,
And many are they and all have their sickles,
Their scythes.—Oh! for dear pity's sake,
For the sake of these innocent maidens,
For your sake, dear daughter of kindness! You, women holy!

THE BAND OF REAPERS [*in chorus outside at the door*]
The dwelling of Lazaro! Surely
Into this house entered the woman.
—They have closed the door, they have barred it!
—Look out for her there in the stubble.
—Search well in the hay there, Gonzelvo.
—Hah! Hah! In the dwelling of Lazaro,

Right into the maw of the wolf. Hah ! Hah !
—O ! Candia della Leonessa !
Ho ! all of you there ! Are you dead?

[*They knock at the door.*]

O ! Candia della Leonessa !
Do you offer a shelter to harlots?
—Do you find that you need such temptation
To still the fain flesh of your husband?
—If the woman be there, I say, open !
Open the door, good folks, give her to us
And on a soft bed we will lay her.
—Bring her out to us ! Bring her out to us,
For we only want to know her better.
To the hay-cock, the hay-cock, the hay-cock !

[*They knock and clamor.* ALIGI *moves toward the door.*]

THE UNKNOWN ONE [*whisperingly imploring*].

Young man, O young man, pray have mercy !
O have mercy ! Do not open !
Not for my sake, not mine, but for others,
Since they will not seize now on me, only,
Since imbruted are they. You must hear it !—
In their voices?—How now the fiend holds them?
The bestial mad fiend of high noon-day,
The sweltering dog-days' infection.
If they gain entry here, what can you do?

[*The greatest excitement prevails among the women, but they restrain themselves.*]

CATALANA. Ye see now to what shame we all are submitted,
We women of peace here, for this woman,
She who dares not show her face to us !

ANNA. Open, Aligi, open the door there,
But wide enough to let her pass out.
Grip hold of her and toss her out there,
Then close and bar the entrance, giving praises
To Lord Jesus our salvation.
And perdition overtake all wretches !

[*The shepherd turns toward the woman, hesitating,* ORNELLA, *stepping forward, stops his way; making a sign of silence, she goes to the door.*]

ORNELLA. Who is there? Who knocks at the door there?

VOICES OF THE REAPERS [*outside, all confusedly*].
—Silence there ! Hush up ! Hush—sh ! Hush—sh !
—Within there is some one who is speaking,
—O Candia della Leonessa,
Is it you who are speaking? Open ! Open !
—We are the reapers here of Norca,
All the company are we of Cataldo.

ORNELLA. I am not Candia. For Candia is busied now.
Abroad is she since early morning.

A VOICE. And you? Say who are you then?

ORNELLA. I belong to Lazaro, Ornella,
My father is Lazaro di Roio.
But ye, say ye, why ye have come here?

A VOICE. Open, we but want to look inside there.

ORNELLA. Open, that I cannot. For my mother
Locked me in here, with her kindred
Going out, for we are marrying.
The betrothal we are having of my brother,
Aligi, the shepherd, who is taking
To wife here, Vienda di Giave.

A VOICE. Did you then not let in a woman,
But a short while ago, a woman frightened?

ORNELLA. A woman? Then in peace go away.
Seek ye elsewhere to find her.
O reapers of Norca ! I return to my loom here,
For each cast that is lost by my shuttle
Will be lost and can never be gathered.
God be with you to keep you from evil,
O ye reapers of Norca ! May he give you
Strength for your work in the grain fields
Till by evening you reach the end of labor,
And I, also, poor woman, the ending
Of the breadth of cloth I am weaving.

[*Suddenly at the side window two muscular hands seize the iron bars and a brutal face peers in.*]

THE REAPER. [*shouting in a loud voice*].
Ho ! Captain ! the woman is in there !
She's inside ! She's inside ! The youngster
Was fooling us here, yes, the youngster !
The woman is in there ! See, inside there,

In the corner. I see her, I see her !
And there too is the bride and the bridegroom,
And the kindred who brought them their presents.
This is the feast of the grain-pouring spousal.
Ah, ho ! Captain ! A fine lot of girls there !

CHORUS OF REAPERS [*outside*]
—If the woman's within, we say, open !
For you it is shame to protect her.
—Send her out here ! Send her out here !
And we will give her some honey.
—Ho ! open there, open, you, and give her to us.
—To the hay-cock with her, to the hay-cock.

[*They clamor and shout. The women inside are all confused and agitated. The unknown one keeps in the shadow, shrinking close to the wall, as if she sought to sink herself in it.*]

CHORUS OF KINDRED.—O help us, O holy Virgin !
Is this what the vigil gives us,
The eve of Santo Giovanni?
—What disgrace is this you give us,—what sorrow
This that you give us, Beheaded one !—
Just today of all days.
—Candia, have you lost your reason?
—O Candia, have you lost your senses?
—Ornella, and all your sisters with you?
—She was always a bit of a madcap.
—Give her up to them, give her, give her
To these hungry, ravening wolves !

THE REAPER [*still holding the bars*].
Shepherd Aligi, Oho ! shepherd Aligi,
Will you give, at your feast of espousal,
A place to a sheep that is rotten,—
A sheep that is mangy and lousy?
Take care she infect not your sheep-fold,
Or give to your wife her contagion.
O Candia della Leonessa,
Know you whom in your home there you harbor,
In your home there with your new-found daughter?
The daughter of Jorio, the daughter
Of the Sorcerer of Codra !
She-dog roamer o'er mountains and valleys,

A haunter of stables and straw-stacks,
Mila the shameless? Mila di Codra.
The woman of stables and straw-heaps,
Very well known of all companies;
And now it has come to be our turn,—
The turn of the reapers of Norca.
Send her out here, send her out here!
We must have her, have her, have her!

[ALIGI, *pale and trembling, advances toward the wretched woman who remains persistently in the shadow; and pulling off her mantle he uncovers her face.*]

MILA DI CODRA. No! No! It is not true! A cruel lie!
A cruel lie! Do not believe him,
Do not believe what such a dog says!
It is but the cursèd wine speaking
And out of his mouth bubbling evil.
If God heard it, may He to poison
Turn his black words, and he drown in't!
No! It is not true. A cruel lie!

[*The three sisters stop their ears while the reaper renews his vituperations.*]

THE REAPER. You shameless one! well-known are you
Well-known are you as the ditches,
The field-grass to dry straw turning,
Under your body's sins burning,
Men for your body have gambled
And fought with pitch-forks and sickles.
Only wait just a bit for your man, Candia,
And you'll see! He'll come back to you bandaged,
For sure! From a fight with Rainero,
A fight in the grain-field of Mispa,—
For whom but for Jorio's daughter?
And now you keep her in your home, here,
To give her to your man Lazaro,
To have him find her here all ready.
Aligi! Vienda di Giave!
Give up to her your bridal bedstead!
And all ye women, go and scatter wheat-grains,—
Upon her head the golden wheat-grains!
We'll come back ourselves here with music,
A little later and ask for the wine-jug.

[*The reaper jumps down and disappears mid an outbreak of coarse laughter from the others.*]

CHORUS OF REAPERS [*outside*].

—Hand us out the wine-jug. That's the custom,
—The wine-jug, the wine-jug and the woman !

[ALIGI *stands rigid, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, perplexed, still holding in his hand the mantle he has taken.*]

MILA. O innocence, O innocence of all these
Young maidens here, you have heard not
The filthiness, you have heard not,
Oh ! Tell me you have heard not, heard not !—
At least not you, Ornella, O, no, not
You who have wished to save me !

ANNA. Do not go near her, Ornella ! Or would you
Have her ruin you? She the daughter of the Sorcerer
Must to every one bring ruin.

MILA. She comes to me because behind me
She sees here weeping the silent angel—
The guardian over my soul keeping vigil.

[ALIGI *turns quickly toward* MILA *at these words, and gazes at her fixedly.*]

MARIA CORA. Oh ! Oh ! it is sacrilege ! Sacrilege !

CINERELLA. Ha ! She has blasphemed, she has blasphemed,
Against the heavenly angel.

FELAVIA. She will desecrate your hearth-stone,
Candia, unless hence you chase her.

ANNA. Out with her, out, in good time, Aligi,
Seize her, and out to the dogs toss her !

LA CATALANA. Well I know you, Mila di Codra,
Well at Farne do they fear you,
And well I know your doings.
You brought death to Giovanna Cametra,
And death to the son of Panfilo.
You turned the head of poor Alfonso,
Gave Tillura the evil sickness,
Caused the death of your father, even,
Who now in damnation damns you !

MILA. May thou, God, protect his spirit
And unto peace his soul gather!
Ah ! You it is who have blasphemed

Against a soul that is departed
And may your blaspheming speeches
Fall on you, whenever death fronts you!

[CANDIA, *seated on one of the chests, is sad and silent. Now she rises, passes through the restless circle of women, and advances toward the persecuted one, slowly, without anger.*]

CHORUS OF REAPERS. Ahey! Ahey! How long to wait?
Have you come to an agreement?
—O I say, shepherd, ho! you shepherd,
For yourself, then, do you keep her?
—Candia, what if Lazaro come back now?
—Is she then unwilling? But open,
Open! A hand we will lend her.
And meanwhile give us the wine-jug,
The wine-jug, the wine-jug's the custom!

[*Another reaper peers in through the grating.*]

THE REAPER. Mila di Codra, come out here!
For you that will be much the better.
To try to escape us is useless,
We'll seek now the oak-tree shady,
And throw dice for the one to have you,
That the chance for us all be equal,
Now, we will not quarrel for you,
As Lazaro did with Rainero,
No, we'll have no useless bloodshed.
But, now, if you don't come out here,
Ere the last one turns up his dice-box,
Then this door we all shall break open
And carry things here with a free hand.
You are warned now; best heed this your warning,
Candia della Leonessa!

[*He jumps down and the clamor is much abated. The ringing of the village church bells can be heard in the distance.*]

CANDIA. Woman, hear me. Lo, I am the mother
Of these three innocent maidens,
Also of this youth, the bridegroom.
We were in peace in our home here,
In peace and in rest with God's favor,
And blessing with home rites the marriage,
You may see the wheat still in the baskets

And in the blessed loaf the fresh flower !
You have entered in here and brought us
Suddenly conflict and sorrow,
Interrupted the kindred's giving,
In our hearts sowing thoughts of dark omen,
That have set my children weeping,
And my bowels yearn and weep with them.
All to chaff our good wheat grain is turning,
And a worse thing still may follow.
It is best for you to go now.
Go thou with God, knowing surely
He will help you, if you trust Him.
Oh ! There is cause for all this our sorrow.
We would fain have desired your safety.
Yet now, turn your steps hence, swiftly,
So that none of this house need harm you.
The door, this my son will now open.

[*The victim listens in humility with bent head, pale and trembling.* ALIGI *steps toward the door and listens. His face shows great sorrow.*]

MILA. Christian Mother, lo ! the earth here
I kiss where your feet have trodden,
And I ask of you forgiveness,
With my heart in my hand lying,
In the palm of my hand, grieving,
For this sorrow of my bringing.
But I did not seek your dwelling :
I was blinded, with fear blinded,
And the Father, He, all-seeing,
Led me here thus to your fireside,
So that I the persecuted
Might find mercy by your fire-place,
Mercy making this day sacred.
O, have mercy, Christian Mother.
O have mercy ! and each wheat grain
Resting here within these hampers
God will return a hundred-fold.

CATALANA [*whispering*].
Listen not. Whoever listens
Will be lost. The false one is she.
Oh ! I know ! Her father gave her

To make her voice so sweet and gentle
Evil roots of secret magic.

ANNA. Just see now how Aligi's spellbound!

MARIA CORA. Beware! beware! lest she give him
Fatal illness. O Lord save us!
Have you not heard what all the reapers
Have been saying about Lazaro?

MONICA. Shall we stay here then till vespers
With these baskets on our heads thus?
I shall put mine on the ground soon.

[CANDIA *gazes intently upon her son who is fastened upon* MILA. *Suddenly fear and rage seize her and she cries aloud.*]

CANDIA. Begone, begone, you sorcerer's
Daughter! Go to the dogs! Begone!
In my house remain no longer!
Fling open the door, Aligi!

MILA. Mother of Ornella,—Love's own Mother!
All, but not this God forgiveth.
Trample on me, God forgiveth,
Cut off my hands, yet God forgiveth,
Gouge out my eyes, pluck my tongue out,
Tear me to shreds, yet God forgiveth,
Strangle me, yet God forgiveth,
But if you now (heed me, oh heed me!
While the bells are ringing for Santo Giovanni),
If now you seize upon this body,—
This poor tortured flesh signed in Christ's name,
And toss it out there in that court-yard,
In sight of these your spotless daughters,
Abandoning it to sin of that rabble,
To hatred and to brutal lusting,
Then, O mother of Ornella,
Mother of Innocence, in so doing,
Doing that thing, God condemns you!

CATALANA. She was never christened, never,
Her father was never buried
In consecrated ground; under
A thorn-bush he lies. I swear it.

MILA. Demons are behind you, woman.
Black and foul and false your mouth is!

CATALANA. O Candia, hear her, hear her,
Curses heaping! But a little,
And she'll drive you from your dwelling,
And then all the reapers threatened
Will most surely fall upon us.

ANNA DI BOVA. Up, Aligi! Drag her out there!

MARIA CORA. See you not how your Vienda,
Your young bride, looks like one dying?

CINERELLA. What kind of a man are you? Forsaken
Thus of all force in your muscles?
Is the tongue within your mouth, then,
Dried and shrivelled that you speak not?

FELAVIA. You seem lost. How then? Did your senses
Go astray afar off in the mountain?—
Did you lose your wits down in the valley?

MONICA. Look! He hasn't let go of her mantle,
Since the time he took it from her.
To his fingers it seems rooted.

CATALANA. Do you think your son Aligi's
Mind is going? Heaven help us!

CANDIA. Aligi, Aligi! You hear me?
What ails you? Where are you? Gone are your senses?
What is coming to birth in your heart, Son?

[*Taking the mantle out of his hand she throws it to the woman.*]

I myself will open the door; take her
And push her out of here straightway.
Aligi, to you I speak. You hear me?
Ah! verily you have been sleeping
For seven hundred hundred years,
And all of us are long forgotten.
Kindred! God wills my undoing.
I hoped these last days would bring solace
And that God would now give me repose,
That less bitterness now need I swallow;
But bitterness overpowers me.
My daughters! Take ye my black mantle
From out of the ancient chest there,
And cover my head and my sorrows,
Within my own soul be my wailing!

[*The son shakes his head, his face showing perplexity and sorrow, and he speaks as one in a dream.*]

ALIGI. What is your will of me, Mother?
Unto you said I: "Ah! lay there
Against both of the door-posts the ploughshare,
The wain and the oxen, put sods there and stones there
Yea, the mountain with all of its snow-drifts."
What did I say then? And how answered you?
"Heed the waxen cross that is holy
That was blest on the Day of Ascension,
And the hinges with holy water sprinkled."
O, what is your will that I do? It was night still
When she took the road that comes hither.
Profound, then, profound was my slumber,
O, Mother! although you had not mingled for me,
The wine with the seed of the poppy.
Now that slumber of Christ falls and fails me:
And though well I know whence this proceedeth,
My lips are yet stricken with dumbness.
O, woman! what then is your bidding?
That I seize her here now by her tresses,—
That I drag her out there in the court-yard,—
That I toss her for these dogs to raven?
Well! So be it! So be it!—I do so.

[ALIGI *advances toward* MILA *but she shrinks within the fire-place, clinging for refuge.*]

MILA. Touch me not! Oh! you, you are sinning,
Against the old laws of the hearth-stone—
You are sinning the great sin that's mortal
Against your own blood and the sanction
Of your race, of your own ancient kinfolk.
Lo! over the stone of the fire-place,
I pour out the wine that was given
To me by your sister, in blood bound,
So now if you touch me, molest me,
All the dead in your land, in your country,
All those of the long years forgotten,
Generation to past generation,
That lie underground fourscore fathoms
Will abhor you with horror eternal.

[*Taking the bowl of wine* MILA *pours it over the inviolate hearth. The women utter fierce and frantic cries.*]

THE CHORUS OF KINDRED.
O woe! She bewitches—bewitches the fire-place!
—She poured with the wine there a mixture.
I saw it, I saw her. 'Twas stealthy!
—O take her, O take her, Aligi,
And force her away from the hearth-stone.
—By the hair, oh, seize her, seize her!
—Aligi, fear you naught, fear nothing,
All her conjuring yet will be nothing.
—Take her away and shiver the wine-bowl!
Shiver it there against the andirons.
—Break the chain loose and engirdle
Her neck with it, three times twist it.
—She has surely bewitched the hearth-stone.
—Woe! Woe, for the house that totters!
Ah! What lamenting will here be lamented!

THE CHORUS OF REAPERS.
Oho there! All quarrelling, are you?
We are waiting here and we're watching.
We have cast the dice, we know the winner.
Bring her out to us, you shepherd!
Yes, yes! Or the door we'll break down.

[*They join in blows on the door and in clamoring.*]

ANNA DI BOVA.
Hold on! Hold on! and have patience a little,
But a little while longer, good men folk.
Aligi is taking her. Soon you will have her.

[ALIGI, *like one demented, takes her by the wrists, but she resists and tries to free herself.*]

MILA.
No! No! You are sinning, are sinning.
Crush under your foot my forehead
Or stun it with blows of your sheep-hook,
And when I am dead toss me out there.
No, no! God's punishment on you!
From the womb of your wife serpents
To you shall be born and brought forth.
You shall sleep no more, no more,
And rest shall forsake your eyelids,
From your eyes tears of blood shall gush forth.
Ornella, Ornella, defend me,
Aid me, O thou, and have mercy

Ye sisters in Christ, O help ye me !

[*She frees herself and goes to the three sisters who surround her. Blind with rage and horror* ALIGI *lifts his hook to strike her on the head. Immediately his three sisters begin to cry and moan. This stops him at once; he lets the hook fall on his knees and with open arms he stares behind her.*]

ALIGI. Mercy of God ! O give me forgiveness !
I saw the angel, silent, weeping.
He is weeping with you, O my sisters !
And at me he is gazing and weeping.
Even thus shall I see him forever,
Till the hour for my passing, yea ! past it.
I have sinned thus against my own hearth-stone,
My own dead and the land of my fathers;
It will spurn me and scorn me forever,
Deny rest to my weary dead body !
For my sins, sisters, purification,
Seven times, seven times, I do ask it.
Seven days shall my lips touch the ashes,
And as many times more as the tears shed
From your gentle eyes, O my sisters !
Let the angel count them, my sisters,
And brand on my heart all their number !
It is thus that I ask your forgiveness
Before God thus I ask you, my sisters,
Oh ! pray you for brother Aligi
Who must now return to the mountain.
And she who has suffered such shame here,
I pray you console her, refresh her
With drink, wipe the dust from her garments,
Bathe her feet with water and vinegar.
Comfort her ! I wished not to harm her.
Spurred on was I by these voices.
And those who to this wrong have brought me
Shall suffer for many days greatly.
Mila di Codra ! sister in Jesus,
O give me peace for my offences.
These flow'rets of Santo Giovanni
Off from my sheep-hook now do I take them
And thus at your feet here I place them.
Look at you I cannot. I'm shamefaced.

Behind you I see the sad angel.
But this hand which did you offence here,
I burn in that fire with live embers.

[*Dragging himself on his knees to the fireplace he bends over and finds a burning ember. Taking it with his left hand he puts the point of it in the palm of the right.*]

MILA. It is forgiven. No, no. Do not wound yourself.
For me, I forgive you, and God shall receive
Your penitent prayer. Rise up from the fire-place!
One only, God only may punish
And He that hand hath given to you
To guide your flocks to the pasture.
And how then your sheep can you pasture
If your hand is infirm, O Aligi?
For me, in all humbleness, I forgive you
And your name I shall ever remember
Morn, eve, and midday shall my blessing
Follow you with your flocks in the mountains.

THE CHORUS OF REAPERS [*outside*].
—Oho, there! Oho, there! How now?
—What is the row? Do you fool us?
—Ho! We'll tear down the door there.
—Yes, yes! Take that timber, the plow-beam.
—Shepherd, we'll not have you fool us.
Now, now, that iron there, take it!
Down with it! Crash down the door there!
—Ho, shepherd Aligi! Now answer!
One, then! Two! Three, and down goes it!

[*The heavy breathing of the men lifting the timber and iron is heard.*]

ALIGI. For you, for me, and for all my people,
I make the sign of the cross!

[*Rising and going towards the door he continues.*]

Reapers of Norca! This door I open.

[*The men answer in a unanimous clamor. The wind brings the sound of the bells.* ALIGI *draws the bars and bolts and silently crosses himself, then he takes down from the wall the cross of wax and kisses it.*]

Women, God's servants, cross yourselves praying.

[*All the women cross themselves and kneeling murmur the litany.*]

WOMEN [*together*].
Kyrie eleison! Lord have mercy upon us!

Christe eleison ! Christ have mercy upon us !
Kyrie eleison ! Lord have mercy upon us !
Christe audi nos ! O Christ hear us !
Christe exaudi nos ! O Christ hearken unto us !

[*The shepherd then lays the cross on the threshold between the hoe and the distaff and opens the door. In the yard glittering in the fierce sun the linen-clad reapers appear.*]

ALIGI. Brothers in Christ ! Behold the cross
That was blessed on the Day of Ascension !
I have placed it there on the threshold,
That you may not sin against this gentle
Lamb of Christ who here finds refuge,
Seeking safety in this fire-place.

[*The reapers struck silent and deeply impressed uncover their heads.*]

I saw there standing behind her
The angel who guards her, silent,
These eyes that shall see life eternal
Saw her angel that stood there weeping.
Look, brothers in Christ, I swear it !
Turn back to your wheat fields and reap them,
Harm you not one who has harmed you never !
Nor let the false enemy beguile you
Any longer with his potions.
Reapers of Norca, heaven bless you !
May the sheaves in your hands be doubled !
And may San Giovanni's head severed
Be shown unto you at the sun-rise,
If, for this, to-night you ascend the hill Plaia.
And wish ye no harm unto me, the shepherd,
To me, Aligi, our Saviour's servant !

[*The women kneeling continue the litanies,* CANDIA *invoking, the others responding.*]

CANDIA AND CHORUS OF THE KINDRED.

Mater purissima, Mother of Purity,
ora pro nobis. pray for us.
Mater castissima, Mother of Chastity,
ora pro nobis. pray for us.
Mater inviolata, Mother Inviolate,
ora pro nobis. pray for us.

[*The reapers bow themselves, touch the cross with their hands and then*

touch their lips and silently withdraw toward the glittering fields outside, ALIGI *leaning against the jamb of the door following with his eyes their departure, the silence meanwhile broken only by voices coming from the country pathways outside.*]

FIRST VOICE. O ! turn back, Lazaro di Roio.

ANOTHER VOICE. Turn back, turn back, Lazaro !

[*The shepherd startled and shading his face with his hands looks toward the path.*]

CANDIA AND THE WOMEN.

Virgo veneranda, Virgin venerated,
Virgo predicanda, Virgin admonishing,
Virgo potens, Virgin potential,
ora pro nobis. pray for us.

ALIGI. Father, father, what is this? Why are you bandaged?
Why are you bleeding, father? Speak out and tell me,
O ye men of the Lord ! Who wounded him?

[LAZARO *appears at the door with his head bandaged, two men in white linen supporting him.* CANDIA *stops praying, rises to her feet and goes to the entrance.*]

ALIGI. Father, halt there ! The cross lies there on the door-sill,
You cannot pass through without kneeling down.
If this blood be unjust blood you cannot pass through.

[*The two men sustain the tottering man and he falls guiltily on his knees outside the doorway.*]

CANDIA. O daughters, my daughters, 'twas true then !
O weep, my daughters ! let mourning enfold us !

[*The daughters embrace their mother. The kindred before rising put their hampers down on the ground.* MILA *takes up her mantle and still kneeling wraps herself up in it, hiding her face. Almost creeping she approaches the door toward the jamb opposite that where* ALIGI *leans. Silently and swiftly she rises and leans against the wall, and stands there wrapt and motionless, watching her chance to disappear.*]

ACT II

A mountain cavern is seen partially protected by rough boards, straw and twigs and opening wide upon a stony mountain path. From the wide opening are seen green pastures, snow-clad peaks and passing clouds. In the cavern are pallets made of sheep-pelts, small rude, wooden tables, pouches and skins, filled and empty, a rude bench for wood turning and carving, with an axe upon it, a draw-knife, plane, rasps and other tools, and near them finished pieces; distaffs, spoons and ladles, mortars and pestles, musical instruments and candlesticks. A large block of the trunk of a walnut tree has at its base the bark and above in full relief the figure of an angel hewn into shape to the waist, with the two wings almost finished. Before the image of the Virgin in a depression of the cavern like a niche, a lamp is burning. A shepherd's bagpipe hangs close by. The bells of the sheep wandering in the stillness of the mountain may be heard. The day is closing and it is about the time of the autumnal equinox.

The treasure-seeker, MALDE, *and* ANNA ONNA, *the old herb-gatherer, are lying asleep on the pelts in their rags without covering.* COSMA, *the saint, dressed in a long friar's frock is also asleep, but in a sitting posture with his arms clasped about his knees and his chin bowed over on them.* ALIGI *is seated on a little bench, intent upon carving with his tools the walnut block.* MILA DI CODRA *is seated opposite, gazing at him.*

MILA. Bided mute the patron angel
From the walnut woodblock carven,
Deaf the wood staid, secret, sacred,
Saint Onofrio vouchsafed nothing.

Till said one apart, a third one
(O ! have pity on us, Patron !)
Till said one apart, the fair one,
Lo ! my heart all willing, waiting !

Would he quaff a draught of marvel?
Let him take my heart's blood, quaff it !
But of this make no avowal,
But of this make no revealing.

Suddenly the stump budded branches,
Out of the mouth a branch sprang budding,
Every finger budded branches,
Saint Onofrio all grew green again !

[*She bends over to gather the chips and shavings around the carved block.*]

ALIGI. O! Mila, this too is hewn from the stump of a walnut,
Grow green will it, Mila?—Grow green again?

MILA [*still bent over*]. "Would he quaff a draught of marvel
Let him take my heart's blood."—

ALIGI. Grow green will it, Mila?—Grow green again?

MILA. "But of this make no avowal,
But of this make no revealing."

ALIGI. Mila, Mila, let a miracle now absolve us!
And may the mute patron angel grant us protection.
'Tis for him that I work, but not with my chisel,
Ah! for him do I work with my soul in my fingers!
But what are you seeking? What have you lost there?

MILA. I but gather the shavings, that in fire we burn them
With each a grain of pure incense being added.
Make haste, then, Aligi, for the time is nearing.
The moonlight of September fleeting, lessening;
All of the shepherds now are leaving, departing,
Some on to Puglia fare, some Romeward faring;—
And whither then will my love his footsteps be turning?
Wherever he journeys still may his pathway
Go facing fresh pastures and springs, not winds keen and chilling,
And of me may he think when the night overtakes him!

ALIGI. Romeward faring then shall go Aligi,
Onward to Rome whither all roads are leading,
His flock along with him to lofty Rome.
To beg an indulgence of the Vicar,
Of the Holy Vicar of Christ our Saviour,
For he of all shepherds is the Shepherd.
Not to Puglia land will go Aligi
But to our blest Lady of Schiavonia
Sending to her by Alai of Averna
These two candlesticks of cypress wood, only,
And with them merely two humble tapers
So she forget not a lowly sinner

She, our Lady, who guardeth the sea-shore.
When then this angel shall be all finished
Aligi upon a mule's back will load it,
And step by step will he wend on with it.

MILA. O hasten, O hasten! for the time is ripening.
From the girdle downward very nearly
Sunk in the wood yet and lost is the angel;
The feet are held fast in the knots, the hands
without fingers,
The eyes with the forehead still level.
You hastened indeed his wings to give him,
Feather by feather, yet forth he flies not!

ALIGI. Gostanzo will aid me in this, the painter,
Gostanzo di Bisegna; the painter is he
Who tells stories on wood in color.
Unto him I have spoken already.
And he will give unto me fine colors.
Perhaps, too, the good monks at the abbey,
For a yearling, a little fine gold leaf
For the wings and the bosom will give me.

MILA. O hasten! Hasten! The time is rip'ning,
Longer than day is the night already,
From the valley the shades rise more quickly,
And unawares they shut down around us
Soon the eye will guide the hand no longer,
And unsuccored of art will grope the blind chisel!

[COSMA *stirs in his sleep and moans. From a distance the sacred songs of pilgrims crossing the mountain are heard.*]

Cosma is dreaming. Who knows what he's dreaming!
Listen, listen, the songs of the pilgrims
Who across the mountain go journeying,
May be to Santa Maria della Potenza,
Aligi,—towards your own country,—toward
Your own home, where your mother is sitting.
And may be they will pass by very near,
And your mother will hear, and Ornella,
Mayhap, and they'll say: "These must be pilgrims
Coming down from the place of the shepherds;
And yet no loving token is sent us!"

[ALIGI *is bending over his work carving the lower part of the block. Giving a blow with the axe he leaves the iron in the wood and comes forward anxiously.*]

ALIGI. Ah! Why, why will you touch where the heart is hurting?
Oh! Mila, I will speed on, overtake their cross-bearer
And beg him bear onward my loving thoughts with them.
And yet, Mila, yet—Oh! how shall I say it Mila?

Mila. You will say: "O good cross-bearer, I prithee,
If ye cross through the valley of San Biagio,
Through the countryside called Acquanova,
Ask ye there for the house of a woman
Who is known as Candia della Leonessa,
And stay ye your steps there, for there most surely
Drink shall ye have to restore you, and may be
Much beside given. Then stay there and say ye:
'Aligi, your son, sends unto you greeting,
And to his sisters, and also the bride, Vienda,
And he promises he will be coming
To receive from your hands soon your blessing
Ere in peace he depart on long travels.
And he says, too, that he is set free now,
From her—the evil one—during these late days;
And he will be cause of dissension no longer,
And he will be cause of lamenting no longer,
To the mother, the bride, and the sisters."

ALIGI. Mila, Mila, what ill wind strikes you
And stirs up your soul in you thus?—A wind sudden,
A wind full of fearing! And on your lips dying
Your voice is, your blood your cheek is draining.
And wherefore, tell me, should I be sending
This message of falsehood to my mother?

MILA. It is the truth, it is the truth, I tell you,
O brother mine and dear to the sister,
It is true what I say; as true is it
That I have remained by you untainted,
Like a sacred lamp before your faith burning,
With immaculate love before you shining.

It is the truth, it is the truth I tell you.
And I say: Go, go, speed ye on your pathway
And meet ye the cross-bearer so that he carry
Your greetings of peace on to Acquanova.
Now come is the hour of departure
For the daughter of Jorio. And let it be so.

ALIGI. Yea, verily, you have partaken of honey, wild honey
That your mind is thus troubled!
And you would go whither? O, whither, Mila?

MILA. Pass on thither where all roads are leading.

ALIGI. Ah! Will you come then with me? O, come ye with me!
Though full long the journey, you, also, Mila,
Will I place on the mule's back and travel,
Cherishing hope toward Rome the eternal!

MILA. Needs be that I go the opposite way,
With steps hurried, bereft of all hoping.

ALIGI [*turning impatiently to the sleeping old herb-woman*].
Anna Onna! Up, arouse you! Go and find me
Grains of black hellebore, hellebore ebon,
To give back to this woman her senses.

MILA. O be not angry, Aligi, for if you are angry—
For if you are also against me how shall I live through
This day till the evening? For behold if you trample
My heart beneath you, I shall gather it never again!

ALIGI. And I to my home shall be turning never again,
If not with you, O daughter of Jorio,
Mila di Codra, my own by the Sacrament!

MILA. Aligi, can I cross the very threshold
Whereon once the waxen cross was lying,
Where a man appeared once who was bloody?
And unto whom said the son of this man:
"If this blood be unjust blood you cannot pass through"? . . .
High noonday 'twas then, the eve of the day
Of Santo Giovanni, and harvest day.
Now in peace on that wall hangs the idle sickle;
Now at rest lies the grain in the granary;
But of that sorrow's sowing the seeds are still growing.

[COSMA *moves in his sleep and moans.*]

ALIGI. Know you, then, one who shall lead you by the hand thither!

COSMA [*crying out in his sleep*]. O, do not unbind him! No, no, do not unbind him!

[*The saint, stretching his arms, lifts up his face from his knees.*]

MILA. Cosma, Cosma, what are you dreaming? Tell your dreaming!

[COSMA *wakens and rises.*]

ALIGI. What have you been seeing? Tell your seeing!

COSMA. The face of Fear was turned full upon me.
I have beheld it. But I may not tell it.
Every dream that cometh of God must be chastened
From the fire of it first before giving.
I have beheld it. And I shall speak, surely.
Yet not now, lest I speak the name vainly
Of my Lord and my God, lest I judge now
While my darkness is still overpowering.

ALIGI. O Cosma, thou art holy. Many a year
Have you bathed in the melting snow water,
In the water o'erflowing the mountain,
Quenching your thirst in the clear sight of Heaven,
And this day you have slept in my cavern,
On the sheep-skin that's steamed well in sulphur
So the spirit of evil must shun it.
In your dreaming now you have seen visions,
And the eye of the Lord God is on you.
Help me then with your sure divination!
Now to you I shall speak. You will answer.

COSMA. All unready am I in wisdom,
Nor have I, O youth, understanding
Of so much as the stone in the path of the shepherd.

ALIGI. O, Cosma, man of God, heed me and listen!
I implore by the angel in that block enfolded,
Who has no ears to hear and yet heareth!

COSMA. Simple words speak ye, O shepherd,
And repose not your trust in me,
But in the holy truth only.

[MALDE *and* ANNA ONNA *awaken and lean upon their elbows listening.*]

ALIGI. Cosma, this, then, is the holy truth:

I turned from the mountain and Puglia valley
With my flock on the day Corpus Domini,
And after I found for my flock good shelter
I went to my home for my three days' resting.
And I find there in my house my mother
Who says unto me: "Son of mine, a companion
For you have I found." Then say I: "Mother,
I ever obey your commandments." She answered:
"'Tis well. And lo! here is the woman."
We were espoused. And the kindred gathered,
Escorting the bride to our threshold.
Aloof I stood like a man on the other
Bank of a river, seeing all things as yonder,
Afar, past the water flowing between,
The water that flows everlastingly.
Cosma, this was on a Sunday. And mingled
With my wine was no seed of the poppy.
Why then, notwithstanding, did slumber profound
My heart all forgetting o'erpower?
I believe I slept years seven hundred.
We awoke on the Monday belated.
Then the loaf of the Bridal my mother
Broke over the head of a weeping virgin.
Untouched had she lain by me. The kindred
Came then with their wheat in their hampers.
But mute staid I wrapped up in great sadness
As one in the shadow of death I was dwelling.
Behold now! on a sudden, all trembling,
There appeared in our doorway this woman,
Hard pursuing and pressing her, reapers,—
Hounds! that wanted to seize her and have her.
Then implored she and pleaded for safety.
But not even one of us, Cosma,
Moved, except one, my sister, the littlest,
Who dared rush to the door and bar it.
And lo, now by those dogs was it shaken,
With uttering of curses and threat'ning.
And in hatred against this sad creature
Were their foul mouths unleashed and barking.
To the pack would the women have tossed her,

But she trembling still by the hearth-stone,
Was pleading us not to make sacrifice of her.
I, too, myself, seized her with hatred and threat'ning,
Though it seemed to me, then, I was dragging
At my own very heart, the heart of my childhood.
She cried out, and above her head I lifted
My sheep-hook to strike her.
Then wept my sisters!
Then behind her beheld I the angel weeping!
With these eyes, O saint, the angel watching and weeping mutely.
Down on my knees fell I,
Imploring forgiveness. And then to punish
This, my hand, I took up from the fire-place
A burning ember.
"No, do not burn it,"
She cried aloud,—this woman cried to me.
—O Cosma! saint holy, with waters from snow-peaks
Purified are you, dawning by dawning;
You, too, woman, who know all herbs growing
For the healing of flesh that is mortal,
Yea, all virtue of roots that are secret;
—Malde, you, too, with that branch of yours forking
May fathom where treasure is hidden,
Entombed at the feet of the dead now dead
For a hundred years, or a thousand—true is it?—
In the depths of the depths of the heart of the mountain.
Of ye then, I ask, of ye who can hear
The deep things within that come from afar,
From whence came that voice,—from what far distance
That came and that spake so Aligi should hear it?
(O, answer ye me!)—When she said unto me:
"And how then your flocks can you pasture
If your hand is infirm, O Aligi?"
Ah! with these her words did she gather
My soul from my body within me,
Even as you, O woman, gather your simples!

[MILA *weeps silently.*]

ANNA ONNA. There's an herb that is red and called Glaspi.
And another is white called Egusa.
And the one and the other grow up far apart,
But their roots grope together and meet
Underneath the blind earth, and entwine
So closely that sever them never could ever
Santa Lucia. Their leaves are diverse,
But one and the same is their seven years' flower.
But all this is their record in records.
It is Cosma who knoweth the power of the Lord.

ALIGI. Heed me then, Cosma ! The slumber of forgetfulness
Was by Commandment sent to my pillow.
By whom? Closed by the hand of Innocence
Was the door of Safety. Came to me the apparition—
The Angel of Counsel. And out of the word
Of her mouth was created the pledge eternal.
Who then was my wife, before ever
Good wheat, holy loaf or fair flower?

COSMA. O shepherd Aligi ! God's are the just steelyards of justice.
God's only is the just balance of Justice.
Notwithstanding, O take ye counsel,
From the Angel of Counsel, who gave you your surety.
Yea, take pledge of him for this stranger.
But she left untouched, where is she?

ALIGI. For the sheep-stead I left after vespers,
On the eve of Santo Giovanni.
At daybreak
I found myself wending above Capracinta.
On the crest I awaited the sunrise,
And I saw in the disc of its blazing
The bleeding head that was severed.
To my sheepfold
Then came I, and again I began,—guarding my sheep,—to suffer,
And meseemed that sleep still overwhelmed me,
And my flock on my life's force was browsing.
Oh ! why still was my heart heavy laden?

O Cosma ! first saw I the shadow,
Then the figure, there, there, at the entrance,
On the morning of San Teobaldo.
On the rock out there was sitting this woman
And she did not arise for she could not,
So sore were her feet and bleeding.
Said she : " Aligi,
Do you know me?"
I answered : "Thou art Mila."
And no word more we spoke, for no more were we
Twain. Nor on that day were contaminated
Nor after, ever.
I speak but the truth.

COSMA. O shepherd Aligi ! You have verily lighted
A holy lamp in your darkness.
Yet it is not enkindled in limits appointed,
Chosen out of old time by your fathers.
You have moved farther off the Term Sacred.
How then if the lamp were spent and were quenched?
For wisdom is in man's heart a well-spring
Profound; but only the pure man may draw of its waters.

ALIGI. Now pray I great God that he place upon us
The seal of the sacrament eternal !
See ye this that I do? Not hand but soul
Is carving this wood in the similitude
Of the Angel apparition. I began
On the day of Assumption. Rosary time
Shall it be finished. This my design is :
On to Rome with my flock I shall wander,
And along with me carry my Angel,
On mule-back laden. I will go to the Holy Father,
In the name of San Pietro Celestino,
Who upon Mount Morrone did penance.
I shall go to the Shepherd of shepherds,
With this votive offering, humbly imploring
Indulgence, that the bride, yet untouched, may return
To her mother, set free thus and blameless;
Then as mine I may cherish this stranger,

Who knows well how to weep all unheeded.
So now I ask this of your deep-reaching wisdom,
Cosma; will this grace unto me be conceded?

COSMA. All the ways of mankind appear the direct ways
To man : but the Lord God is weighing heart-secrets.
High the walls, high the walls of man's stronghold,
Huge are its portals of iron; and around and around it
Heavy the shade of tombs where grass grows pallid.
Let not your lamb browse upon that grass grown pallid,
O shepherd Aligi, best question the mother. . .

A VOICE [*calling outside*].
Cosma, Cosma ! If you are within, come forth !

TOSMA. Who is calling for me? Did you hear a voice calling?

CHE VOICE. Come forth, Cosma, by the blood that is holy !
O Christian brothers, the sign of the cross make ye !

COSMA. Behold me. Who calls me? Who wants me?

[*At the mouth of the cavern two shepherds appear, wearing sheep-skin coats, holding a youth gaunt and sickly whose arms are bound to his body with several turns of a rope.*]

FIRST SHEPHERD. O Christian brothers ! The sign of the cross make ye !
May the Lord from the enemy keep you !
And to guard well the door say a prayer.

SECOND SHEPHERD. O Cosma, this youth is possessed of a demon.
Now for three days the devil has held him.
Behold, O behold how he tortures him now.
He froths at the mouth, turning livid and shrieking.
With strong ropes we needed to tie and bind him
To bring him to you. You who freed before now
Bartolomeo dei Cionco alla Petrara, do you
O wise man of mercy, do you this one also
Liberate ! Force now the demon to leave him !
O chase him away from him, cure him and heal him !

COSMA. What is his name and the name of his father?

FIRST SHEPHERD. Salvestro di Mattia di Simeone.

COSMA. Salvestro, how then, you will to be healed?
Be of good heart, my son, O be trustful !
Lo ! I say unto you, fear not !
And ye
Wherefore have ye bound him? Let him be free !

SECOND SHEPHERD. Come with us then to the chapel, Cosma.
There we can let him be free. He would flee away, here.
He is frantic always, for escape ever ready.
And sudden to take it. He's frothing. Come on then!

COSMA. That will I, God helping. Be of good heart, my son!

[*The two shepherds carry the youth off.* MALDE *and* ANNA ONNA *follow them for awhile then halt gazing after them,* MALDE *with a forked olive branch with a small ball of wax stuck on at the larger end, the old woman leaning on her crutch and with her bag of simples hanging in front. Finally they also soon disappear from sight. The saint from the doorway turns back toward his host.*]

COSMA. I go in God's peace, Shepherd Aligi,
For the comfort I found in your cavern,
May you be blessèd! Lo! now they called unto me
And therefore I answered. Before you may enter
Upon your new way, the old laws well consider
Who will change the old ways shall be winnowed.
See ye guard well your father's commandment.
See ye heed well your mother's instruction.
Hold them ever steadfast in your bosom.
And God guide your feet, that you may not be taken
In lariats nor into live embers stumble!

ALIGI. Cosma, quite well have you heard me? That I remain sinless.
Never I tainted myself but kept good faith,
Quite well have you heard of the sign God Almighty
Has revealed me and sent here unto me?
I await what will come, my flesh mortifying.

COSMA. I say unto you: Best question your parents
Ere you lead to your roof-tree this stranger.

A VOICE [*calling from outside*].
Cosma, don't delay longer! Surely 'twill kill him.

COSMA [*Turning to* MILA.]
Peace unto you, woman! If good be within you
Let it pour forth from you like tears falling
Without being heard. I may soon return.

ALIGI. I come. I follow. Not all have I told you.

MILA. Aligi, 'tis true: not all are you telling!
Go to the roadside. The cross-bearer watch for

And implore him to carry the message.

[*The saint goes off over the pasture land. The singing of the pilgrims is heard from time to time.*]

MILA. Aligi, Aligi: Not all did we tell!
Yet better it were that my mouth were choked up,
Better that stones and that ashes
Held me speechless. Hear then this only
From me, Aligi. I have done you no evil;
And none shall I do you. Healed and restored now
Are my feet. And I know well the pathways.
Now arrived is the hour of departure
For the daughter of Jorio. Now then so be it!

ALIGI. I know not, you know not what hour may be coming.
Replenish the oil in our lamp of the virgin,
Take the oil from the skin. Yet some is within
And wait for me here. I seek the cross-bearer,
Right well what to say unto him know I.

MILA. Aligi, brother of mine! Give me your hand now!

ALIGI. Mila, the road is but there, not far away.

MILA. Give me that hand of yours, so I may kiss it.
'Tis the drop that I yield to my thirst.

ALIGI [*coming closer*]. With the ember I wanted to burn it, Mila,
This sinful hand that sought to offend you.

MILA. All that I forget. I am only the woman
You found on the rock there seated,
By who knows what roads coming hither!

ALIGI [*coming again close*].
Upon your face your tears are not drying,
Dear woman. A tear is now staying
On the eyelashes; while you speak trembles, and falls not.

MILA. Over us hovers deep stillness. Aligi, just listen!
Hushed is the singing. With the grasses and snow-peaks
We are alone, brother mine, we are alone.

ALIGI. Mila, now you are unto me as you first were
Out there on the rock, when you were all smiling,
With your eyes all shining, your feet all bleeding.

MILA. And you,—you,—are you not now the one who was kneeling,—

Who the flowrets of Santo Giovanni
Put down on the ground? Ah! by one were they gathered
Who bears them yet, wears them yet—in her scapulary.

ALIGI. Mila, there is in your voice a vibration
That while it consoles me, it saddens.
As even October, when, all my flocks with me,
I border the bordering stretches of seashore.

MILA. To border them with you, the shore and the mountain
Ah! I would that that fate were my fate evermore.

ALIGI. O my love, be preparing for such way-faring!
Though the road there be long, for that is Love strong.

MILA. Aligi, I'd pass there through fires ever flaming,
Onward still wending by roads never ending.

ALIGI. To cull on the hill-top the blue gentian lonely,
On the sea-shore only the star-fish flower.

MILA. There on my knees would I drag myself on
Placing them down on the tracks you were marking.

ALIGI. Think, too, of the places to rest when the night should o'ertake us
And the mint and the thyme that would be your pillows.

MILA. I cannot think. No. Yet give leave this one night more
That I live with you, here, where you are here breathing,
That I hear you asleep and be with you,
And over you keep, like your dogs, faithful vigil!

ALIGI. O you know, O you know what must await us.
How with you must I ever divide the bread, salt and water.
And so shall I share with you also the pallet,
Unto death and eternity. Give me your hands!

[*They grasp each other's hands, gazing into each other's eyes.*]

MILA. Ah! we tremble, we tremble. You are frigid,
Aligi. You are blanching. . . . O whither
Is flowing the blood your face loses?

[*She frees herself and touches his face with both hands.*]

ALIGI. O, Mila, Mila, I hear a great thundering,

All the mountain is shaking and sinking,
Where are you? Where are you? All is veiled.

[*He stretches out his hand toward her as one tottering. They kiss each other. They fall down upon their knees, facing each other.*]

MILA. Have mercy upon us, blessed Virgin!

ALIGI. Have mercy upon us, O Christ Jesus!

[*A deep silence follows.*]

A VOICE [*outside*]. Shepherd, ho! You are wanted, and in a hurry.
A black sheep has broken his shank.

[ALIGI *rises totteringly and goes toward the entrance.*]

You are wanted at once and must hurry,
And there is a woman I know not.
On her head is a basket. For you she is asking.

[ALIGI *turns his head and looks toward* MILA *with an all-embracing glance. She is still on her knees.*]

ALIGI [*in a whisper*]. Mila, replenish the oil in our lamp of the Virgin.
So it go not out. See it barely is burning.
Take the oil from the skin. Yet some is within,
And await me. I only must go to the sheepfold.
Fear nothing for God is forgiving.
Because we trembled will Mary forgive us.
Replenish the oil and pray her for mercy.

[*He goes out into the fields.*]

MILA. O Holy Virgin! Grant me this mercy:
That I may stay here with my face to earth bowed,
Cold here, that I may be found dead here,
That I may be removed hence for burial.
No trespass there was in thine eyesight.
No trespass there was. For Thou unto us wert indulgent.
The lips did no trespass. (To bear witness
There wert Thou!) The lips did no trespass.
So under Thine eyes I may die here, die here!
For strength have I none to leave here, O Mother!
Yet remain with him here Mila cannot!
Mother clement! I was never sinful,
But a well-spring tramped on and trodden.
Shamed have I been in the eyes of Heaven,
But who took away from my memory
This shame of mine if not Thou, Mary?

Born anew then was I when love was born in me.
Thou it was willed it, O faithful Virgin!
All the veins of this new blood spring from afar,
Spring from far off, from the far far away,
From the depths of the earth where she rests,
She who nourished me once in days long ago, long ago.
Let it also be she who bears now for me witness
Of this my innocency! O Madonna, Thou also bore witness!
Thelips did no trespass here now (Thou wert witness),
No, there was none in the lips, no, in the lips there was none.
And if I trembled, O let me bear that trespass,
Bear ever that tremor with me beyond!
Here I close up within me my eyes with my fingers.

[*With the index and middle finger of each hand she presses her eyes, bowing her head to the earth.*]

Death do I feel. Now do I feel it draw closer.
The tremor increaseth. Yet not the heart ceaseth.

[*Rising impetuously.*]

Ah, wretch that I am, that which was told me
To do, I did not, though thrice did he say it:
"Replenish the oil." And lo! now 'tis dying!

[*She goes toward the oil-skin hanging from a beam, with her eye still watching the dying flame, endeavoring to keep it alive with the murmured prayer:*]

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
(Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord be with thee.)

[*Opening the skin it flattens in her hands. She searches for the flask to draw off the oil, but is able to get but one or two drops.*]

'Tis empty! 'Tis empty! But three drops, Virgin,
For my unction extreme prithee be given me,
But two for my hands, for my lips the other,
And all for my soul, all the three!
For how can I live when back he returns here,
What can I say, Mother, what can I say?
Surely then he will see, or ere he see me,
How the lamp has gone out. If my loving
Sufficed not to keep the flame burning,
How pale unto him will this love of mine, Mother, appear!

[*Again she tries the skin, looking again for other receptacles, upsetting everything and still murmuring prayers.*]

Cause it to burn, O Mother intrepid!
But a little while longer, as much longer only
As an Ave Maria, a Salve
Regina, O Mother of Mercy, of Pity!

[*In the frenzy of her search she goes to the entrance and hears a step and catches sight of a shadow. She calls aloud.*]

O woman, good woman, Christian sister,
Come you hither! and may the Lord bless you!
Come you hither! For mayhap the Lord sends you.
What bear you in your basket? If a little
Oil, O, then of your charity, give me a little!
Pray enter and take of all these your free choice,
These ladles, spindles, mortars, distaffs, any!
For need that there is here for Our Lady,
To replenish the oil in her lamp there hanging
And not to quench it; if through me it be quenched,
I shall lose sight of the way to Heaven.
Christian woman, grasp ye my meaning?
Will ye do to me this loving kindness?

[*The woman appears at the entrance, her head and face covered with a black mantle. She takes down the basket from her head without a word and placing it on the ground removes the cloth, takes out the phial of oil and offers it to* MILA.]

MILA. Ah! be thou blessèd, be thou blessèd! Lord God
Reward thee on earth, and in Heaven also!
You have some! You have some! In mourning
are you;
But the Madonna will grant it to you
To see again the face of your lost one,—
All for this deed of your charity done me.

[*She takes the phial and turns anxiously to go to the dying lamp.*]

Ah! perdition upon me! 'Tis quenched.

[*The phial falls from her hand and breaks. For a few seconds she remains motionless, stunned with the terrible omen. The woman leaning down to the spilled oil touches it with her fingers and crosses herself.* MILA *regards the woman with utter sadness and the resignation of despair makes her voice hollow and slow.*]

MILA. Pardon me, pardon, Christian pilgrim,

This your charity turned to nothing.
The oil wasted, broken in pieces the phial,
Misfortune upon me befallen.
Tell me what choose ye? All these things here
Were fashioned out thus by the shepherd.
A new distaff and with it a spindle
Wish ye? Or wish ye a mortar and pestle?
Tell me I pray. For nothing know I any more.
I am one of the lost in the earth beneath.

THE CLOAKED ONE. Daughter of Jorio! I have come unto you,
To you, bringing here, thus, this basket,
So I a boon may beseech of you.

MILA. Ah! heavenly voice that I ever
In the deeps of my soul have been hearing!

THE CLOAKED ONE. To you come I from Acquanova.

MILA. Ornella, Ornella, art thou!

[ORNELLA *uncovers her face.*]

ORNELLA. The sister am I of Aligi;
The daughter am I of Lazaro.

MILA. I kiss your two feet with humility,
That have carried you here to me
So that again your dear face I behold
This hour, this last hour of my mortal suffering.
To give me pity you were the first one,
You are now, too, the last one, Ornella!

ORNELLA. If I was the first, penitence
Great I have suffered. I am telling
The truth to you, Mila di Codra.
And still is my suffering bitter.

MILA. Oh! Your voice in its sweetness is quivering.
In the wound doth the knife that hurts quiver.
And much more, ah! more doth it quiver
And you do not yet know that, Ornella!

ORNELLA. If only you knew this my sorrow!
If only you knew how much sadness
The small kindness I did for you caused me!
From my home that is left desolated
Come I, where we weep and are perishing.

MILA. Why thus are you vested in mourning?
Who is dead then? You do not answer.

Mayhap—mayhap—the newly-come sister?

ORNELLA. Ah! She is the one you wish perished!

MILA. No, no. God is my witness. I feared it,
And the fear of it seized me within me.
Tell me, tell me: who is it? Answer!
For God's sake and for your own soul's sake!

ORNELLA. Not one of us yet has been taken
But all of us there are still mourning
The dear one who leaves us abandoned
And gives himself up to his ruin.
If you could behold the forsaken one,
If our mother you could but behold,
You would quiver indeed. Unto us
Come is the Summer of blackness, come is
The Autumn bitter, oppressive,
And never a circling twelvemonth's season
Could be unto us so saddening. Surely
When I shut to the door to help you and save you
And gave myself up to my ruin,
You did not then seem to me so unfeeling,—
You who implored for compassion's sake,—
You who sought my name of me
That you might in your blessings whisper it!
But since then, my name is shadowed in shame.
Every night, every day in our household,
I am railed upon, shunned, cast away.
They single me out. They pointing cry out:
"Lo! that is the one, behold her,
Who put up the bars of the entrance
So that evil within might stay safely
And hide at its ease by the hearth-stone."
I cannot stay longer. Thus say I: "Far rather
Hew at me, all, with your knife-blades
And carve me to shreds and cut me!" This now
Is your blessing, Mila di Codra!

MILA. Just is it, just is it that you
Strike me thus! Just is it that you
Make my lips drink thus deep of this bitterness!
With such sorrow be accompanied
All these my sins to the world that's beyond!

Mayhap, mayhap, then, the stones and the heather
And the stubble, the wood-block dumb, unfeeling,
Shall speak for me,—the angel here silent,
That your brother is calling to life in the block there,
And the Virgin bereft of her lamp-light.
These shall all speak for me: but I—I—shall speak

ORNELLA. Dear woman, indeed how around you [not!
Your soul is your body's vestment,
And how I may touch it, outstretching
Towards you thus my hand with all faith.
How then did you do so much evil
To harm us so much—us—God's people?
If you could behold our Vienda,
Quiver, indeed, would you. For shortly the skin will
Over the bones part in twain for its dryness,
And the lips of her mouth are grown whiter
Than within her white mouth her white teeth are;
So that when the first rain came falling,
Saturday, Mamma, seeing her, said of her,
Weeping: "Lo, now! Lo now! she will be leaving,
She will break with the moisture and vanish."
Yet my father laments not; his bitterness
He chews upon hard without weeping.
Envenomed within him the iron,
The wound in his flesh is like poison
(San Cresidio and San Rocca guard us!)
The swelling leaves only the mouth free
To bark at us daily and nightly.
In his frenzy his curses were fearful,—
The roof of the house with them shaking,
And with them our hearts quaking. Dear woman
Your teeth are chattering. Have you the fever,
That you shiver thus and you tremble?

MILA. Always at twilight and sunset
A tremor of cold overtakes me
Not strong am I in the nights on the mountain,
We light fires at this time in the valley,
But speak on and heed not my suffering.

ORNELLA. Yesterday, by chance, I discovered
He had it in mind to climb up here,—

This mountain to climb, to the sheep-stead.
I failed through the evening to see him,
And my blood turned cold within me.
So then I made ready this basket,
And in this my sisters aided me,—
We are three who are born of one mother,—
All three of us born marked with sorrow;
And this morning I left Acquanova,
I crossed by the ferry the river,
And the path to the mountain ascended.
Ah! you dear, dear creature of Jesus!
With what illness now are you taken?
How can I bear all this sorrow?
What can I be doing for you?
You far more violently tremble
Than when you sought our fire-place
And the pack of the reapers were hunting you.

MILA. And since—Oh! since have you seen him? Know you
If yet he has come to the sheep-stead?
Be certain, Ornella, be certain!

ORNELLA. Not again have I seen him. Nor yet
Do I know if he came up the mountain,—
Since much did he have for the doing
At Gionco. Perhaps he came not.
So do not be frightened! But hear me,
And heed me. For your soul's sake,
To save it, now, Mila di Codra,
Repent ye and take ye, I prithee,
Away from us this evil doing!
Restore us Aligi, and may God go with you,
And may He have mercy upon you!

MILA. Dear sister of Aligi! Content am I,—
Yea, always to hear and to heed you.
Just is it that you strike me,
Me, the sinful woman, me, the sorcerer's
Daughter, the witch who is shameless,—
Who for charity supplicated
The journeying pilgrim of Jesus
But a little oil to give her

To feed her sacred lamp-flame !
Perhaps behind me the Angel is weeping
Again as before; and the stones perhaps
Will speak for me, but I—shall not speak—
Shall not speak. But this say I only
In the name of sister, and if I say not,
In truth, may my mother arise
From her grave, my hair grasping,
And cast me upon the black earth, bearing
Witness against her own daughter.
Only say I : I am sinless before your brother,
Before the pallet of your brother clean am I !

ORNELLA. Omnipotent God ! A miracle dost thou !

MILA. But this is the loving of Mila.
This is but my love Ornella.
And more than this I shall speak not.
Contented am I to obey you.
All paths knows the daughter of Jorio,
Already her soul ere your coming
Had started,—ere now, O Innocent One !
Do not distrust me, O sister
Of Aligi, for no cause is there.

ORNELLA. Firm as the rock my faith is in you.
Brow unto brow have I seen in you
Truth. And the rest lies in darkness,
That I, poor one, may not fathom.
But I kiss your feet here humbly,
The feet that know well the pathways.
And my silent love and pity
Will companion you on your journey.
I will pray that the steps of your pathway
Be lessened, the pain of them softened.
And the pain that I feel and I suffer
On your head I shall lay it no longer.
No more shall I judge your misfortunes,
No more shall I judge of your loving,
Since before my dear brother sinless
Are you, in my heart I shall call you
My sister, my sister in exile, at dawning
My dreams shall meet you and often shall greet you.

MILA. Ah, in my grave were I resting,
With the black earth close to me nestling,
And in my ears, in that grave lonely,
These words were the last words sounding,—
Their promise of peace my life rounding!

ORNELLA. For your life I have spoken, I witness.
And food and drink to restore you,—
That at least for the first of your journey,
You may not lack something of comfort,—
For you I prepared in this basket;
Bread placing in it and wine (the oil is now
Gone!) but I did not place there a flower.
Forgive me for that, since then I knew not—

MILA. A blue flower, a flower of the blue aconite—
You did not place that in your basket for me!
And you did not place there the white sheet severed
From the cloth in your loom at home woven
That I saw twixt the doorway and fire-place!

ORNELLA. Mila! for that hour wait on the Saviour.
But what still keeps my brother? Vainly
I sought him at the sheep-fold. Oh! where is he?

MILA. He will be back again ere nightfall surely.
Needs be that I hasten! O, needs be!

ORNELLA. Do you mean not to see him—speak again to him?
Where then will you go for this night? Remain here.
I, too, will remain. Thus doing shall we
Be together, and strong against sorrow,
We three— Till you go at day-break
On your path, and we go upon our path.

MILA. But already too long are the nights. Needs be
That I hasten,— hasten! You know not.
I will tell you. From him also received I
The parting that's not to be given
A second time. Addio! Go, seek him,
And meet him, now, in the sheep-fold, surely.
Detain him there longer, and tell him
All the grief that they suffer down there.
And let him not follow me! On my pathway
Unknown, I shall soon be. Rest you blessèd
Forever rest blessèd! O, be you as sweet

Unto his as you were to my sorrow!
Addio! Ornella, Ornella, Ornella!

[*While speaking thus she retires toward the darkness of the cavern while* ORNELLA, *softened to tears, passes out. The old herb-woman then appears at the opening of the cavern. The singing of the pilgrims may still be heard but from a greater distance.* ANNA ONNA *enters, leaning on her crutch with her bag hanging by her side.*]

ANNA [*breathless*]. 'Has freed him, freed him, woman of the valley
'Has freed him! Ay! from inside him
Chased away all the demons did he,—
Cosma,—that possessed him. A saint surely.
He gave out a great cry like a bull's roar,—
Did the youth, and at one blow fell down
As if he had burst his chest open.
You didn't—don't say you couldn't—hear him?
And now on the grass he is sleeping.
Deeply, deeply is he sleeping; and the shepherds
Stand around and keep watch o'er him.
But where are you? I do not see you.

MILA. Anna Onna, put me to sleep!
O Granny, dear, I'll give you this basket
That is brimful of eating and drinking.

ANNA Who was she that went away hurrying?
Had she broken your heart that you cried so?
—That after her, so, you were calling?

MILA. Granny, O listen! This basket I'll give you,
That one on the ground, to take with you,—
If you'll put me to sleep,—make me go,—
To sleep, with the little black seeds,—you know—
Of the hyoscyamus. Go off then! be eating and drinking!

ANNA. I have none. I have none left in my bag here!

MILA. The skin I will give you, too, the sheep-skin
You were sleeping on here to-day.
If you give me some of those red seed-pods,
The red pods you know—twigs of the nasso.
Go off, then, go off, and fill up and guzzle!

ANNA. I have none, I have none in my bag here.
Go slower a bit, woman of the valley.
Take time, go slowly, go slowly,

Think it over a day, or a month, or a year.

MILA. O Granny dear, more will I give you !
A kerchief with pictures in color,
And of woolen cloth, three arms lengths,
If you give me some of the herb-roots—
The same that you sell to the shepherds
That kill off the wolves so swiftly—
The root of the wolf-grass, the wolf-bane—
Go off then. Go off and mend up your bones !

ANNA. I have none, I have none left in my bag here.
Go slower a bit, woman of the valley,
Take time, go slowly, go slowly,
With time there always comes wisdom.
Think it over a day or a month or a year,
With the herbs of the good Mother Mountain
We can heal all our ailments and sorrows.

MILA. You will not? Very well then, I snatch thus from you,
That black bag of yours. Therein I'll be finding
What will serve for me well, well indeed !

[*She tries to tear the bag away from the tottering old woman.*]

ANNA. No, no. You are robbing me, your poor old granny,
You force me ! The shepherd—he'd tear me—
Gouge out my eyes from their sockets.

[*A step is heard and a man's form appears in the shadows.*]

MILA. Ah ! it is you, it is you, Aligi !
Behold what this woman is doing.

[MILA *lets fall the bag which she had taken from the old woman and sees the man looming tall in the dim light of the mountain, but recognizing him she takes refuge in the depths of the cavern.* LAZARO DI ROIO *then enters, silent, with a rope around his arm like an ox drover about to tie up his beast. The sound of* ANNA ONNA'S *crutches striking against the stones is heard as she departs in safety.*]

LAZARO. Woman, O, you need not be frightened.
Lazaro di Roio has come here,
But he does not carry his sickle :
It is scarcely a case of an eye for an eye,
And he does not wish to enforce it.
There was more than an ounce of blood taken
From him on the wheat-field of Mispa,
And you know cause and end of that bloodshed.

Ounce for ounce, then, he will not take from you,
Nor wish it, for all the wound's smarting—
The cicatrice, here in the forehead.
Raven feather, olive-twig crook,
Rancid oil, soot from the chimney shook,
Morn unto eve, eve unto morn,
The cursèd wound must healing scorn!

[*He gives a short, malignant laugh.*]

And where I was lying, I heard ever
The weeping and wailing, the women,
O not for me, but this shepherd,
Spell-bound, bewitched by the witch shrew
Way off in the far-away mountain.
Surely, woman, poor was your picking.
But my grit and my blood are back again,
And many words I shall not be talking,
My tongue is dry now for doing it,
And all for this same sad occasion.
Now then, say I, you shall come on with me,
And no talk about it, daughter of Jorio!
Waiting below is the donkey and saddle,
And also here a good rope hempen,
And others to spare, God be praised! if need be!

[MILA *remains motionless, backed up against the rock without replying.*]

Did you hear me, Mila di Codra?
Or are you deaf and dumb now?
This I am saying in quiet:
I know all about how it happened,
That time with the reapers of Norca.
If you are thinking to thwart me
With the same old tricks, undeceive you!
There's no fire-place here, nor any
Relations, nor Santo Giovanni
Ringing the bells of salvation.
I take three steps and I seize you,
With two good stout fellows to help me.
So now, then, and I say it in quiet,
You'd better agree to what needs be.
You may just as well do as I want you,
For if you don't do so, you'll have to!

MILA. What do you want from me? Where already
Death was, you came. Death is here, even now.
He stepped one side to let you enter.
Withdrawing awhile, still here he is waiting.
O, pick up that bag there; inside it
Are deadly roots enough to kill ten wolves.
If you bind it onto my jaws here
I would make of it all a good mouthful;
I would eat therein, you would see me,
As the good hungry mare that crunches
Her oats. So then, when I should be
Cold, you could take me up there and toss me
And pack me upon your donkey,
And tie with your rope like a bundle,
And shout out: "Behold the witch, shameless,
The sorceress!" Let them burn up my body,
Let the women come round and behold me,
And rejoice in deliverance. Mayhap
One would thrust in her hand, in the fire,
Without being burned in the flame,
And draw from the core of the heat my heart.

[LAZARO, *at her first bidding, takes up the bag and examines the simples. He then throws it behind him, with suspicion and distrust.*]

LAZARO. Ah, ah! You want to spread some snare.
What crouch are you watching to spring on me!
In your voice I can hear all your slyness,
But I shall trap you in my lariat.

[*At this he makes his rope into a lariat.*]

Not dead, neither cold do I want you.
Lazaro di Roio,—by all the gods!—
Mila di Codra, will harvest you,—
Will go with you this very October,
And for this all things are ready.
He will press the grapes with your body,
Lazaro will sink in the must with you.

[*With a sinister laugh he advances toward* MILA *who is on the alert to elude him, the man following closely, she darting here and there, unable to escape him.*]

MILA. Do not touch me! Be ashamed of yourself!
For your own son is standing behind you.

[ALIGI *appears at the end of the cave. Seeing his father he turns pale.* LAZARO, *halting in his chase, turns toward him. Father and son regard each other intently and ominously.*]

LAZARO. Hola there, Aligi! What is it?
ALIGI. Father, how did you come hither?
LAZARO. Has your blood been all sucked up that it's made you
So pale? As white you stand there in the light
As the whey when they squeeze out the cheeses,
Shepherd, say, why are you frightened?
ALIGI. Father, what is it you wish to do here?
LAZARO. What I wish to do here? You are asking
A question of me, a right you have not.
I will tell you, however. This will I:
The yearling ewe catch in my lariat,
And lead her wherever it please me.
That done I shall sentence the shepherd.
ALIGI. Father, this thing you shall surely not do.
LAZARO How dare you then lift so boldly
Your white face up into mine? Be careful
Or I shall make it blush of a sudden.
Go! turn back to your sheep-fold and stay there,
With your flock inside the enclosure,
Until I come there to seek you.
On your life, I say, obey me!
ALIGI. Father, I pray the Saviour to keep me
From doing you aught but obedience.
And you are able to judge and to sentence
This son of your own; but this one—
This woman, see that you leave her alone!
Leave her to weep here alone.
Do no offence unto her. It is sinful.
LAZARO. Ah! The Lord has made you crazy!
Of what saint were you just speaking?
See you not (may your eyes be blind forever!)
See you not how under her eyelashes,—
Around her neck lie hidden
The seven sins—the mortal sins?
Surely, if there should see her only
Your buck now 'twould butt her and you here
Are frightened lest I should offend her!

I tell you the stones of the high road
By man and by beast are less trodden
Than she is by sin and shame trampled.

ALIGI. If it were not a sin unto God in me,
If by all men it were not deemed evil,
Father, I should say unto you that in this thing
In this thing you lie in your gullet !

[*He takes a few steps and places himself between his father and the woman, covering her with his body.*]

LAZARO. What's that you say? Your tongue in you wither !
Down on your knees there, to beg me
Forgiveness, your face on the ground there !
And never dare you to lift up your body
Before me ! Thus, on your marrow-bones,
Off with you ! Herd with your dogs !

ALIGI. The Saviour will judge of me, father :
But this woman I shall not abandon,
Nor unto your wrath shall I leave her,
While living. The Saviour will judge me.

LAZARO. I am the judge of you. Who
Am I then to you, blood and body?

ALIGI. You are my own father, dear unto me.

LAZARO. I am unto you your own father, and to you
I may do as to me it seem pleasing
Because unto me you are but the ox
In my stable; you are but my shovel
And hoe. And if I should over you
Pass with my harrow and tear you
And break you in pieces, this is well done !
And if I have need of a handle
For my knife, and one I shall make myself
Out of one of your bones, this is well done !
Because I am the father and you are the son !
Do you heed? And to me over you is given
All power, since time beyond time,
And a law that is over all laws.
And as even I was to my father,
So even are you unto me, under earth.
Do you heed? And if from your memory
This thing has fallen, then thus I recall

It unto your memory. Kneel down on your knees
and kiss ye
The earth on your marrow bones
And go off without looking behind you!

ALIGI. Pass over me then with the harrow;
But touch not the woman.

[LAZARO *goes up to him, unable to restrain his rage, and lifting the rope strikes him on the shoulder.*]

LAZARO. Down, down, you dog, down, to the ground with you!

ALIGI [*falling on his knees*].
So then, my father, I kneel down before you:
The ground in front of you do I kiss,
And in the name of the true God and living
By my first tear and my infant wailing
From the time when you took me unswaddled
And in your hand held me aloft
Before the sacred face of Lord Christ,—
By all this I beseech you, I pray you, my father,
That you tread not thus and trample
On the heart of your son sorrow-laden.
Do not thus disgrace him! I pray you:
Do not make his senses forsake him
Nor deliver him into the hands of the False One—
The Enemy who wheels now about us!
I pray you by the angel there silent,
Who sees and who hears in that wood block!

LAZARO. Begone! Off with you! Off with you!
I shall shortly now judge of you.
Off with you, I bid you. Be off with you!

[*He strikes him cruelly with the rope.* ALIGI *rises all quivering.*]

ALIGI. Let the Saviour be judge. Let him judge then
Between you and me, and let him give unto me
Light; but yet I will against you
Not lift up this my hand.

LAZARO. Be you damned! With this rope I will hang you.

[*He throws the lariat to take him but* ALIGI, *seizing the rope with a sudden jerk, takes it out of his father's hands.*]

ALIGI. Christ my Saviour, help Thou me!
That I may not uplift my hand against him,
That I may not do this to my father!

LAZARO [*furious, goes to the door and calls.*]

Ho, Jenne ! and ho, Femo ! Come here !
Come here, and see this fellow,
What he is doing (may a viper sting him !)
Fetch the ropes. Possessed is he
Most surely. His own father he threatens !

[*Running appear two men, big and muscular, bearing ropes.*]

He is rebellious, this fellow !
From the womb is he damned,
And for all his days and beyond them.
The evil spirit has entered into him.
See ! See ! Behold how bloodless
The face is. O, Jenne ! You take him and hold him.
O Femo, you have the rope, take it and bind him,
For to stain myself I am not wishing.
Then go ye and seek out some one
To perform the exconjuration.

[*The two men throw themselves upon* ALIGI *and overpower him.*]

ALIGI. Brothers in God ! O, do not do this to me !
Do not imperil your soul, Jenne.
I who know you so well, who remember
Remember you well from a baby,
Since you came as a boy to pick up the olives
In your fields. O, Jenne Dell Eta !
I remember you. Do not thus debase me.
Do not thus disgrace me !

[*They hold him tightly, trying to bind him, and pushing him on towards the entrance.*]

Ah ! dog !—The pest take you !—
No, no, no !—Mila, Mila ! Hasten !—
Give me the iron there. Mila ! Mila !

[*His voice, desperate and hoarse, is heard in the distance while* LAZARO *bars* MILA'S *egress.*]

MILA. Aligi, Aligi ! Heaven help you !
May God avenge you ! Never despair !
No power have I, no power have you,
But while I have breath in my mouth,
I am all yours ! I am all for you !
Have faith ! Have faith ! Help shall come !

Be of good heart, Aligi! May God help you!

[MILA *gazes intently along the path where* ALIGI *was borne and listens intently for voices. In this brief interval* LAZARO *scrutinizes the cavern insidiously. From the distance comes the singing of another company of pilgrims crossing the valley.*]

LAZARO. Woman, now then you have been seeing
How I am the man here. I give out the law.
You are left here alone with me.
Night is approaching, and inside here
It is now almost night. O don't
Be afraid of me, Mila di Codra,
Nor yet of this red scar of mine
If you see it light up, for now even
I feel in it the beat of the fever. . . .
Come nearer me. Quite worn out you seem to be
For sure you've not met with fat living
On this hard shepherd's pallet.
While with me you shall have, if you want it,
All of that in the valley; for Lazaro
Di Roio is one of the thrifty.
But what do you spy at? Whom do you wait for?

MILA. No one I wait for. No one is coming!

[*She is still motionless, hoping to see* ORNELLA *come and save her. Dissimulating to gain time, she tries to defeat* LAZARO'S *intentions.*]

LAZARO. You are alone with me. You need not
Be frightened. Are you persuaded?

MILA [*hesitatingly*]. I'm thinking, Lazaro di Roio.
I'm thinking of what you have promised.
I'm thinking. But what's to secure me?

LAZARO. Do not draw back. My word I keep,
All that I promise, I tell you.
Be assured, God be witness. Come to me!

MILA. And Candia della Leonessa?

LAZARO. Let the bitterness of her mouth moisten
Her thread, and with that be her weaving!

MILA. —The three daughters you have in your household?
And now the new one!—I dare not trust to it.

LAZARO. Come here! Don't draw back! Here! Feel it!
Where I tucked it. Twenty ducats,
Sewed in this coat. Do you want them?

[*He feels for them through his goat-skin coat, then takes it off and throws it on the ground at her feet.*]

Take them! Don't you hear them clinking?
There are twenty silver ducats.

MILA. But first I must see them and count them,
First—before—Lazaro di Roio.
Now will I take these shears and rip it.

LAZARO. But why spy about so? You witch! surely
You're getting some little trick ready.
You're hoping yet you'll deceive me.

[*He makes a rush at her to seize her. She eludes him and seeks refuge near the walnut block.*]

MILA. No, no, no! Let me alone! Let me alone!
Don't you touch me! See! See! She comes!
See! See! she comes
Your own daughter—Ornella is coming.

[*She grasps the angel to resist* LAZARO's *violence.*]

No, no! Ornella, Ornella, O help me!

[*Suddenly* ALIGI *appears, free and unbound, at the mouth of the cave. He sees in the dim light the two figures. He throws himself upon his father. Catching sight of the axe driven into the wood he seizes it, blind with fury and horror.*]

ALIGI. Let her go! For your life!

[*He strikes his father to death.* ORNELLA, *just appearing, bends down and recognizes the dead body in the shadow of the angel. She utters a great cry.*]

ORNELLA. Ah! I untied him! I untied him!

ACT III.

A large country yard, in the farther end an oak, venerable with age, beyond the fields, bounded by mountains, furrowed by torrents; on the left the house of LAZARO, *the door open, the porch littered with agricultural implements; on the right the haystack, the mill and the straw stack.*

The body of LAZARO *is lying on the floor within the house, the head resting, according to custom, on a bundle of grape-vine twigs; the wailers, kneeling, surround the body, one of them intoning the lamentation, the others answering. At times they bow toward one another, bending till they bring their foreheads together. On the porch, between the plow and large earthen vessel, are the kindred and* SPLENDORE *and* FAVETTA. *Further from them is* VIENDA DI GIAVE, *sitting on a hewn stone, looking pale and desolate, with the look of one dying, her*

mother and godmother consoling her. ORNELLA *is under the tree, alone, her head turned toward the path. All are in mourning.*

CHORUS OF WAILERS. Jesu, Saviour, Jesu Saviour!
'Tis your will. 'Tis your bidding.
That a tragic death accursèd
Lazaro fell by and perished.
From peak unto peak ran the shudder,
All of the mountain was shaken.
Veiled was the sun in heaven,
Hidden his face was and covered.
Woe! Woe! Lazaro, Lazaro, Lazaro!
Alas! What tears for thee tear us!
Requiem æternam dona ei Domine.
(O Lord give him Rest eternal!)

ORNELLA. Now, now! Coming! 'Tis coming! Far off!
The black standard! The dust rising!
O sisters, my sisters, think, oh! think
Of the mother, how to prepare her!—
That her heart may not break. But a little
And he will be here. Lo! at the near turn,
At the near turn the standard appearing!

SPLENDORE. Mother of the passion of the Son crucified,
You and you only can tell the mother,—
Go to the mother, to her heart whisper!

[*Some of the women go out to see.*]

ANNA DI BOVE. It is the cypress of the field of Fiamorbo.

FELAVIA SESARA. It is the shadow of clouds passing over.

ORNELLA. It is neither the cypress nor shadow
Of stormcloud, dear women, I see it advancing,
Neither cypress nor stormcloud, woe's me!
But the Standard and Sign of Wrong-Doing
That is borne along with him. He's coming
The condemned one's farewells to receive here,
To take from the hands of the mother
The cup of forgetting, ere to God he commend him.
Ah! wherefore are we not all of us dying,
Dying with him? My sisters, my sisters!

[*The sisters all look out the gate toward the path.*]

CHORUS OF WAILERS. Jesu, Jesu, it were better
That this roof should on us crumble.

Ah! Too much is this great sorrow,
Candia della Leonessa.
On the bare ground your husband lying,
Not even permitted a pillow,
But only a bundle of vine-twigs,
Under his head where he's lying.
Woe! woe! Lazaro, Lazaro, Lazaro!
Alas! What pain for thee pains us!
Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine.

SPLENDORE. Favetta, go you; go speak to her.
Go you, touch her on the shoulder.
So she may feel and turn. She is seated
Like unto a stone on the hearth-stone,
Stays fixed there without moving an eyelash,
And she seems to see nothing, hear nothing;
She seems to be one with the hearth-stone.
Dear Virgin of mercy and pity!
Her senses O do not take from her!—Unhappy one!
Cause her to heed us, and in our eyes looking
To come to herself, dear unhappy one
Yet I have no heart even to touch her,
And who then will say the word to her?
O, sister! Go tell her: "Lo! he is coming!"

FAVETTA. Nor have I the heart. She affrights me.
How she looked before I seem to forget.
And how her voice sounded before,
Ere in the deep of this sorrow
We plunged. Her head has whitened
And it grows every hour whiter.
Oh! she is scarcely ours any more,
She seems from us so far away,
As if on that stone she were seated
For years a hundred times one hundred—
From one hundred years, to another—
And had lost, quite lost remembrance
Of us.—O just see now, just see now,
Her mouth, how shut her mouth is!
More shut than the mouth that's made silent,—
Mute on the ground there forever.
How then can she speak to us ever?

I will not touch her nor can I tell her—
"Lo! he is coming!" If she awaken
She'll fall, she'll crumble. She affrights me!

SPLENDORE. O wherefore were we born, my sisters?
And wherefore brought forth by our mother?
Let us all in one sheaf be gathered
And let Death bear us all thus away!

THE CHORUS OF WAILERS. —Ah! mercy, mercy on you, Woman!
—Ah! mercy be upon you, Women!
—Up and take heart again! The Lord God
Will uplift whom he uprooted.
If God willed it that sad be the vintage
Mayhap He wills, too, that the olives
Be sure. Put your trust in the Lord.
—And sadder than you is another,
She who sat in her home well contented
In plenty, mid bread and clean flour,
Entering here, fell asleep, to awaken
Amid foul misfortune and never
Again to smile. She is dying: Vienda.
Of the world beyond is she already.
—She is there without wailing or weeping!
Ah! on all human flesh have thou pity!
On all that are living have mercy!
And all who are born to suffer,
To suffer and know not wherefore!

ORNELLA. O, there Femo di Nerfa is coming,
The ox driver, hurriedly coming.
And there is the standard stopping
Beside the White Tabernacle.
My sisters, shall I myself go to her
And bear her the word?
Woe! Oh woe! If she does not remember
What is required of her. Lord God
Forbid that she be not ready
And all unprepared he come on her and call her,
For if his voice strike her ear on a sudden
Then surely her heart will be broken, broken!

ANNA DI BOVE. Then surely her heart will be broken,
Ornella, if you should go touch her,

For you bring bad fortune with you.
'Twas you who barred up the doorway,
'Twas you who unfettered Aligi.

THE CHORUS OF WAILERS. To whom are you leaving your ploughshare,
Oh! Lazaro! to whom do you leave it?
Your fields who now will be tilling?
Your flocks who now will be leading?
Both father and son the Enemy
Has snared in his toils and taken.
Death of infamy! Death of infamy!
The rope, and the sack, and the blade of iron!
Woe! woe! Lazaro, Lazaro, Lazaro!
Alas! What torments for thee torment us!
Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine.

[*The ox driver appears panting.*]

FEMO DI NERFA. Where is Candia? O ye daughters of the dead one!
Judgment is pronounced. Now kiss ye
The dust! Now, grasp in your hands the ashes!
For now the Judge of Wrong Doing
Has given the final sentence.
And all the people is the Executor
Of the Parricide, and in its hands it has him.
Now the People are bringing here your brother
That he may receive forgiveness
From his own mother, from his mother
Receive the cup of forgetfulness,
Before his right hand they shall sever,
Before in the leathern sack they sew him
With the savage mastiff and throw him
Where the deep restless waters o'erflow him!
All ye daughters of the dead one, kiss ye
The dust, now; grasp in your hands, now, the ashes!
And may our Saviour, the Lord Jesus
Upon innocent blood have pity!

[*The three sisters rush up to each other and then advancing slowly remain with their heads touching each other. From the distance is heard the sound of the muffled drum.*]

MARIA CORA. O Femo, how could you ever say it?

FEMO DI NERFA. Where is Candia, why does she not appear here?

LA CINERELLA. On the hearthstone, the stone by the fire-place

She sits and gives no sign of living.

ANNA DI BOVA. And there's no one so hardy to touch her.

LA CINERELLA. And affrighted for her are her daughters.

FELAVIA SESARA. And you, Femo, did you bear witness?

LA CATALANA. And Aligi, did you have him near you?
And before the judge what did he utter?

MONICA DELLA COGNA. What said he? What did he? Aloud
Did he cry? Did he rave, the poor unfortunate one?

FEMO DI NERFA. He fell on his knees and remained so
And upon his own hand staid gazing,
And at times he would say "*Mea culpa*";
And would kiss the earth before him,
And his face looked sweet and humble,
As the face of one who was innocent.
And the angel carved out of the walnut block
Was near him there with the blood stain.
And many about him were weeping,
And some of them said, "He is innocent."

ANNA DI BOVA. And that woman of darkness, Mila
Di Codra, has anyone seen her?

LA CATALANA. Where is the daughter of Jorio?
Was she not to be seen? What know you?

FEMO DI NERFA. They have searched all the sheep-folds and stables
Without any trace of her finding.
The shepherds have nowhere seen her,
Only Cosma, the saint of the mountains,
Seems to have seen her, and he says
That in some mountain gorge she's gone to cast her bones away.

LA CATALANA. May the crows find her yet living
And pick out her eyes. May the wolf-pack
Scent her yet living and tear her!

FELAVIA SESARA. And ever reborn to that torture
Be the damnable flesh of that woman!

MARIA CORA. Be still, be still, Felavia, silence, I say!
Be silent now! For Candia has arisen,
She is walking, coming to the threshold.
Now she goes out. O daughters, ye daughters,
She has arisen, support her!

[*The sisters separate and go toward the door.*]

THE CHORUS OF WAILERS. Candia della Leonessa,
Whither go you? Who has called you?
Sealed up are your lips and silent,
And your feet are like feet fettered.
Death you are leaving behind you,
And sin you find coming to meet you.
Wheresoever going, wheresoever turning,
Thorny everywhere the pathway.
Oh! woe! woe! ashes, ashes, widow!
Oh! woe! mother, Jesu! Jesu! mercy!
De profundis clamavi ad te Domine.
(Out of the deep, O Lord, I cry unto Thee!)

[*The mother appears at the threshold. The daughters timidly go to support her. She gazes at them in great bewilderment.*]

SPLENDORE. Mother, dearest, you have risen, maybe
You need something—refreshment—
A mouthful of muscadel, a cordial?

FAVETTA. Parched are your lips, you dear one,
And bleeding are they? Shall we not bathe them?

ORNELLA. Mommy, have courage, we are with you.
Unto this great trial God has called you.

CANDIA. And from one warp came so much linen,
And from one spring so many rivers,
And from one oak so many branches,
And from one mother many daughters!

ORNELLA. Mother, dear, your forehead is fevered. For the weather
To-day is stifling and your dress is heavy.
And your dear face is all wet with moisture.

MARIA CORA. Jesu, Jesu, may she not lose her senses!

LA CINERELLA. Help her regain her mind, Madonna!

CANDIA. It is so long since I did any singing,
I fear I cannot hold the melody.
But to-day is Friday, there is no singing,
Our Saviour went to the mountain this day.

SPLENDORE. O mother, dear, where does your mind wander?
Look at us! Know us! What idle fancy
Teases you? Wretched are we! What is her meaning?

CANDIA. Here, too, is the stole, and here, too, is the cup sacramental,

And this is the belfry of San Biagio.
And this is the river, and this my own cabin.
But who, who is this one who stands in my doorway?

[*Sudden terror seizes the young girls. They draw back watching their mother, moaning and weeping.*]

ORNELLA. O my sisters, we have lost her!
Lost her, also; our dear mother!
Oh! too far away, do her senses stray!

SPLENDORE. Unhappy we! Whom God's malediction left
Alone in the land, orphans bereft!

FAVETTA. By the other, a new grave make ready near
And bury us living all unready here!

FELAVIA SESARA. No, no, dear girls, be not so despairing
For the shock is but pushing her senses
Far back to some time long ago.
Let them wander! thence soon to be turning!

[CANDIA *takes several steps.*]

ORNELLA. Mother, you hear me? Where are you going?

CANDIA. I have lost the heart of my dear gentle boy,
Thirty-three days ago now, nor yet do I find it;
Have you seen him anywhere? Have you met him afar?
—Upon Calvary Mountain I left him,
I left him afar on the distant mountain,
I left him afar in tears and bleeding.

MARIA CORA. Ah! she is telling her stations.

FELAVIA SESARA. Let her mind wander, let her say them!

LA CINERELLA. Let her all her heart unburden!

MONICA DELLA COGNA. O Madonna of Holy Friday,
Have pity on her! And pray for us!

[*The two women kneel and pray.*]

CANDIA. Lo! now the mother sets out on her travels,
To visit her son well belovèd she travels.
—O Mother, Mother, wherefore your coming?
Among these Judeans there is no safety.
—An armful of linen cloth I am bringing
To swathe the sore wounds of your body.
—Ah! me! had you brought but a swallow of water!
—My son!—No pathway I know nor well-spring;
But if you will bend your dear head a little

A throatful of milk from my breast I will give you,
And if then you find there no milk, oh so closely
To heart I will press you, my life will go to you!
—O Mother, Mother, speak softly, softly—

[*She stops for a moment, then dragging her words cries out suddenly with a despairing cry.*]

Mother, I have been sleeping for years seven hundred,
Years seven hundred, I come from afar off.
I no longer remember the days of my cradle.

[*Struck by her own voice she stops and looks about bewildered, as if suddenly awakened from a dream. Her daughters hasten to support her. The women all rise. The beating of the drum sounds less muffled, as if approaching.*]

ORNELLA. Ah! how she's trembling, how she's all trembling!
Now she swoons. Her heart is almost broken.
For two days she has tasted nothing. Gone is she!

SPLENDORE. Mamma, who is it speaks within you? What do you feel,
Speaking inside you, in the breast of you?

FAVETTA. Oh! unto us hearken; heed us, mother,
Oh! look upon us! We are here with you!

FEMO DI NERFA [*from the end of the yard.*]

O women, women, he's near, the crowd with him.
The standard is passing the cistern now.
They are bringing also the angel covered.

[*The women gather under the oak to watch.*]

ORNELLA [*in a loud voice.*]

Mother, Aligi is coming now; Aligi is coming,
To take from your heart the token of pardon,
And drink from your hand the cup of forgetfulness.
Awaken, awaken, be brave, dear mother;
Accursèd he is not. With deep repentance
The sacred blood he has spilled redeeming.

CANDIA. 'Tis true; oh 'tis true. With the leaves he was bruising
They stanched the blood that was gushing,
"Son Aligi," he said then, "Son Aligi,
Let go the sickle and take up the sheep-crook,
Be you the shepherd and go to the mountain."
This his commandment was kept in obedience.

SPLENDORE. Do you well understand? Aligi is coming.

CANDIA. And unto the mountain he must be returning.
What shall I do? All his new clothing
I have not yet made ready, Ornella!

ORNELLA. Mother, let us take this step. Turn now unto us; here,
In front of the house we must await him
And give our farewell to him who is leaving,
Then all in peace we shall lie down together,
Side by side in the deep bed below.

[*The daughters lead their mother out on the porch.*]

CANDIA [*murmuring to herself*].
I lay down and meseemed of Jesus I dreamed,
He came to me saying, "Be not fearful."
San Giovanni said to me, "Rest in safety."

THE CHORUS OF KINDRED. —O what crowds of people follow the standard,
The whole village is coming after.
—Iona di Midia is carrying the standard.
—O how still it is, like a processional!
—O what sadness! On his head the veil of sable,
—On his hands the wooden fetters,
Large and heavy, big as an ox-yoke!
Head to foot the gray cloth wraps him, he is barefoot,
—Ah! Who can look longer! My face I bury,
I close up my eyes from longer seeing.
—The leathern sack Leonardo is bearing,
Biagio Gudo leads the savage mastiff.
—Mix in with the wine the roots of solatro
That he may lose his consciousness.
—Brew with the wine the herb novella
That he may lose feeling, miss suffering.
Go, Maria Cora, you who know the secret,
Help Ornella to mix the potion.
—Dire was the deed, dire is the suffering.
O what sadness! See the people!
—Silently comes all the village.
—Abandoned now are all the vineyards.
—To-day, to-day no grapes are gathered.
—Yes, to-day even the land is mourning.
—Who is not weeping? Who is not wailing?
—See Vienda! Almost in death's agony.

Better for her that she lost her senses.
—Better for her that she see not, hear not.
—O woe for her bitter fate, three months only
Since we came and brought our hampers!
—And sorrow yet to come who may measure?
—No tears shall be left in us for weeping.

FEMO DI NERFA. Silence, O kindred, for here comes Iona.

[*The women turn toward the porch. There is a deep silence. The voice of* IONA :]

O widow of Lazaro di Roio,
O people of this unhappy home,
Behold now! Behold now! The penitent is coming.

[*The tall figure of* IONA *appears bearing the standard. Behind him comes the parricide, robed in gray, the head covered with a black veil, both hands manacled in heavy wooden fetters. A man on one side is holding the shepherd's carved crook; others carry the angel covered with a white cloth, which they lower to the ground. The crowd pushes between the straw stack and ancient oak. The wailers, still on their knees, crawl to the door and lift up their voices in cries and wailing towards the condemned one.*]

CHORUS OF WAILERS. Son, O son Aligi! Son, O son Aligi!
What have you done? What have you done?
Whose body is this body bleeding?
And who upon the stone has placed it?
Now hath come your hour upon you!
Black is the wine of the evil doer!
Severed hand and death of infamy;
Severed hand and sack of leather!
Oh! woe! woe! O son of Lazaro. Lazaro
Is dead. Woe! Woe! And you slew Lazaro!
Libera, Domina, animam servi tui.
(Spare, O Lord, this the soul of thy servant.)

IONA DI MIDIA. Grief is yours, Candia della Leonessa,
O Vienda di Giave, grief is yours,
Grief is yours, daughters of the dead one! Kindred,
May the Lord Saviour have pity on all of you, women,
For into the hands of the People, judging,
The Judge has now given Aligi di Lazaro.
That upon the deed infamous we may take vengeance,
A deed upon all of us fallen, and having no equal,
Nor among our ancestors known to memory,

And may it forever be lost from memory,
By the grace of the Lord, from son to son, henceforth.
Now, therefore, the penitent one we lead hither,
That he may receive the cup of forgetfulness
From you here, Candia della Leonessa,
Since he out of your flesh and your blood was the issue,
To you 'tis conceded to lift the veil of sable,
'Tis yielded you lift to his mouth the cup of forgetting
Since his death unto him shall be exceeding bitter.
(Save, O Lord, these thy people.)
Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine !
Kyrie eleison !

THE CROWD. *Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison* !

[IONA *places his hand on* ALIGI'S *shoulder. The penitent then takes a step toward his Mother, and falls, as if broken down, upon his knees.*]

ALIGI. Praises to Jesus and to Mary !
I can call you no longer my mother,
'Tis given me to bless you no longer,
This is the mouth of hell—this mouth !
To curses only these lips are given,
That sucked from you the milk of life,
That from your lips learned orisons holy
In the fear of the Lord God Almighty,
And of all of his law and commandments.
Why have I brought upon you this evil?—
You—of all women born to nourish the child,
To sing him to sleep on the lap, in the cradle!
This would I say of my will within me,
But locked must my lips remain.
—Oh, no ! Lift not up my veil of darkness
Lest thus in its fold you behold
The face of my terrible sinning.
Do not lift up my veil of darkness,
No, nor give me the cup of forgetting.
Then but little shall be my suffering,
But little the suffering decreed me.
Rather chase me with stones away,
Ay, with stones and with staves drive and chase me,
As you would chase off the mastiff even

Soon to be of my anguish companion,
And to tear at my throat and mumble it,
While my desperate spirit within me
Shall cry aloud, "Mamma ! Mamma !"
When the stump of my arm is reeking
In the cursèd sack of infamy.

THE CROWD [*with hushed voices*].
—Ah ! the mother, poor dear soul ! See her !
See how in two nights she has whitened !
She does not weep. She can weep no longer.
—Bereft is she of her senses.
—Not moving at all. Like the statue
Of our Mater Dolorosa. O have pity !
—O good Lord, have mercy on her !
Blessed Virgin, pity, help her !
—Jesus Christ have pity on her !

ALIGI. And you also, my dear ones, no longer
'Tis given me to call you sisters,
'Tis given me no longer to name you
By your names in your baptisms christened.
Like leaves of mint were your names unto me,
In my mouth like leaves that are fragrant,
That brought unto me in the pastures
Unto my heart joy and freshness.
And now on my lips do I feel them,
And aloud am I fain to say them.
I crave no other consolation
Than that for my spirit's passing.
But no longer to name them 'tis given me.
And now the sweet names must faint and wither,
For who shall be lovers to sing them
At eve beneath your casement windows?
For who shall be lovers unto the sisters
Of Aligi? And now is the honey
Turned into bitterness; O then, chase me,
And, like a hound, hound me away.
With staves and with stones strike me.
But ere you thus chase me, O suffer
That I leave unto you, disconsolate,
But these two things of my sole possession.
The things that these kindly people

Carry for me : the sheep-crook of bloodwood,
Whereon I carved the three virgin sisters,
In your likeness did I carve them,
To wander the mountain pastures with me.
The sheep-crook, and the silent angel,
That with my soul I have been carving.
Woe is me for the stain that stains it !
But the stain that stains it shall fade away
Some day, and the angel now silent
Shall speak some day, and you shall hearken,
And you shall heed. Suffer me suffer
For all I have done ! With my woe profound
In comparison little I suffer !

THE CROWD. Oh ! the children, poor dear souls ! See them !
See how pale and how worn are their faces !
—They too are no longer weeping
—They have no tears left for weeping
Dry their eyes are, inward burning.
—Death has mown them with his sickle,—
To the ground laid them low ere their dying.
Down they are mown but not gathered.
—Have mercy upon them, O merciful one !
Upon these thy creatures so innocent.
—Pity, Lord Jesus, pity ! Pity !

ALIGI. And you who are maiden and widow.
Who have found in the chests of your bridal
Only the vestment of mourning,
The combs of ebon, of thorns the necklace,
Your fine linen woven of tribulation,
Full of weeping the night of your nuptial,
Full of weeping your days ever more,
In heaven shall you have your nuptials,
And may you be spouse unto Jesus !
And Mary console you forever !

THE CROWD. O poor dear one ! Until vespers
Hardly lasting, and now drawing
Her last breath. Lost her face is
In her hair of gold all faded,
Even all her golden tresses.
—Now like flax upon the distaff.

—Or shade-grown grass for Holy Thursday.
—Yes, Vienda, maiden-widow,
Paradise is waiting for you.
—If she is not, then who is Heaven's?
—May Our Lady take you with her!
—Put her with the white pure angels!
—Put her with the golden martyrs!

IONA DI MIDIA. Aligi, your farewells are spoken,
Rise now and depart. It grows late.
Ere long will the sun be setting.
To the Ave Maria you shall not hearken.
The evening star you shall not see glimmer.
O Candia della Leonessa,
If you, poor soul, on him have pity,
Give, if you will, the cup, not delaying,
For the mother art thou, and may console him.

THE CROWD. Candia, lift up the veil, Candia!
Press his lips to the cup, Candia,
Give him the potion, give him
Heart to bear his suffering. Rise, Candia!
—Upon your own son take pity.
—You only can help him; to you, 'tis granted.
—Have mercy upon him! Mercy, O mercy!

[ORNELLA *hands the mother the cup containing the potion.* FAVETTA *and* SPLENDORE *encourage the poor mother.* ALIGI, *kneeling, creeps to the door of the house and addresses the dead body.*]

ALIGI. Father, father, my father Lazaro,
Hear me. You have crossed over the river,
In your bier, though it was heavier
Than the ox-cart, your bier was,
And the rock was dropped in the river.
Where the current was swiftest, you crossed it;
Father, father, my father Lazaro,
Hear me. Now I also would cross over
The river, but I—I cannot. I am going
To seek out that rock at the bottom.
And then I shall go to find you:
And over me you will pass the harrow,
Through all eternity to tear me,

Through all eternity to lacerate me.
Father of mine, full soon I'll be with you.

[*The mother goes toward him in deep horror. Bending down she lifts the veil, presses his head upon her breast with her left hand, takes the cup* ORNELLA *offers and puts it to* ALIGI'S *lips. A confusion of muffled voices rises from the people in the yard and down the path.*]

IONA DI MIDIA. *Suscipe, Domine, servum tuum.*
(Accept, O Lord, this thy servant.)
Kyrie eleison.

THE CROWD. *Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison,*
Miserere, Deus, miserere.
—Do you see, do you see his face?
This do we see upon earth, Jesus!
—Oh! Oh! Passion of the Saviour!
—But who is calling aloud? And wherefore?
—Be silent now! Hush, hush! Who is calling?
—The daughter of Jorio! The daughter of Jorio,
Mila di Codra!
—Great God, but this is a miracle!
—It is the daughter of Jorio coming.
—Good God! She is raised from the dead!
—Make room! Make room! Let her pass by!
—Accursèd dog, are you yet living?
—Ah! Witch of Hell, is it you?
—She-dog! Harlot! Carrion!
—Back! Back! Make room! Let her pass!
—Come, she-thing, come! Make way!
—Let her pass through! Let her alone! In the Lord's name!

[ALIGI *rises to his feet, his face uncovered. He looks toward the clamoring crowd, the mother and sisters still near him. Impetuously opening her way through the crowd,* MILA *appears.*

MILA DI CODRA. Mother of Aligi, sisters
Of Aligi, Bride and Kindred,
Standard-bearer of wrong-doing, and you
All ye just people! Judge of God!
I am Mila di Codra.
I come to confess. Give me hearing.
The saint of the mountain has sent me.
I have come down from the mountain,

I am here to confess in public
Before all. Give me hearing.

IONA DI MIDIA. Silence! Be silent! Let her have leave
To speak, in the name of God, let her.
Confess yourself, Mila di Codra.
All the just people shall judge you.

MILA. Aligi, the beloved son of Lazaro
Is innocent. He did not commit
Parricide. But by me indeed was his father
Slain, by me was he killed with the axe.

ALIGI. Mila, God be witness that thou liest!

IONA. He has confessed it. He is guilty.
But you too are guilty, guilty with him.

THE CROWD. To the fire with her! To the fire with her! Now, Iona,
Give her to us, let us destroy her.
—To the brush-heap with the sorceress,
Let them perish in the same hour together!
No, no! I said it was so. He is innocent.
He confessed it! He confessed it! The woman
Spurred him to do it. But he struck the blow.
Both of them guilty! To the fire! To the fire!

MILA. People of God! Give me hearing
And afterward punish me.
I am ready. For this did I come here.

IONA. Silence! All! Let her speak!

MILA. Aligi, dear son of Lazaro,
Is innocent. But he knows it not.

ALIGI. Mila, God be witness that thou liest.
Ornella (oh! forgive me that I dare to
Name you!) bear thou witness
That she is deceiving the good people.

MILA. He does not know. Aught of that hour
Is gone from his memory. He is bewitched.
I have upset his reason,
I have confused his memory.
I am the sorcerer's daughter. There is no
Sorcery that I do not know well.
None that I cannot weave. Is there one
Of the kindred among you, that one

Who accused me in this very place,
The evening of San Giovanni,
When I entered here by that door before us?
Let her come forth and accuse me again!

LA CATALANA. I am that one. I am here.

MILA. Do you bear witness and tell for me
Of those whom I have caused to be ill,
Of those whom I have brought unto death,
Of those whom I have in suffering held.

LA CATALANA. Giovanni Cametra, I know
And the poor soul of the Marane,
And Afuso, and Tillura. I know,
And that you do harm to everyone

MILA. Now have you heard this thing all you good people?
What this servant of God hath well said and truly?
Here I confess. The good saint of the mountain
Has touched to the quick my sorrowing conscience,
Here I confess and repent. O permit not
The innocent blood to perish.
Punishment do I crave. O punish me greatly!
To bring down ruin and to sunder
Dear ties and bring joys to destruction,
To take human lives on the day of the wedding
Did I come here to cross this threshold;
Of the fire-place there I made myself
The mistress, the hearth I bewitched,
The wine of hospitality I conjured,
Drink it I did not, but spilled it with sorceries.
The love of the son, the love of the father,
I turned into mutual hatred,
In the heart of the bride all joy strangled,
And by this my cunning, the tears
Of these young and innocent sisters
I bent to the aid of my wishes.
Tell me then, ye friends and kindred,
Tell me, then, in the name of the Highest,
How great, how great is this my iniquity!

CHORUS OF THE KINDRED. It is true! It is true! All this has she done.
Thus glided she in, the wandering she-dog!
While yet Cinerella was pouring
Her handful of wheat on Vienda.

Very swiftly she did all her trickery,
By her evil wishes overthrowing
Very swiftly the young bridegroom.
And we all cried out against it.
But in vain was our crying. She had the trick of it.
It is true. Now only does she speak truly.
Praises to Him who this light giveth!

[ALIGI, *with bent head, his chin resting on his breast, in the shadow of the veil, is intent and in a terrible perturbation and contest of soul, the symptoms at the same time appearing in him of the effect of the potion.*]

ALIGI. No, no, it is not true; she is deceiving
You, good people, do not heed her,
For this woman is deceiving you.
All of them here were all against her,
Heaping shame and hatred on her,
And I saw the silent angel
Stand behind her. With these eyes I saw him,
These mortal eyes that shall not witness
On this day the star of vesper.
I saw him gazing at me, weeping.
O, Iona, it was a miracle,
A sign to show me her, God's dear one.

MILA. Oh Aligi, you poor shepherd!
Ignorant youth, and too believing!
That was the Apostate Angel!

[*They all cross themselves, except* ALIGI, *prevented from doing so by his fetters, and* ORNELLA *who, standing alone at one side of the porch, gazes intently on the voluntary victim.*]

Then appeared the Apostate Angel
(Pardon of God I must ever lack,
Nor of you, Aligi, be pardoned!)
He appeared your own two eyes to deceive.
It was the false and iniquitous angel.

MARIA CORA. I said it was so. At the time I said it.
It was a sacrilege then, I cried.

LA CINERELLA. And I said it, too, and cried out
When she dared call it the guardian angel
To watch over her. I cried out,
"She is blaspheming, she is blaspheming!"

MILA. Aligi, forgiveness from you, I know,

Cannot be, even if God forgive me.
But I must all my fraud uncover.
Ornella, oh ! do not gaze upon me
As you gaze. I must stay alone !
Aligi, then when I came to the sheep-stead,
Then, even, when you found me seated
I was planning out your ruin.
And then you carved the block of walnut,
Ah, poor wretch, with your own chisel,
In the fallen angel's image !
(There it is, with the white cloth covered,
I feel it.) Ah ! from dawn until evening
With secret art I wove spells upon you !
Remember them, do you not now of me?
How much love I bestowed upon you !
How much humility, in voice and demeanor—
Before your very face spells weaving?
Remember them, do you not now of me?
How pure we remained, how pure
I lay on your shepherd's pallet?
And how then?—how (did you not inquire?)
Such purity then, such timidness, then,
In the sinning wayfarer
Whom the reapers of Norca
Had shamed as the shameless one
Before your mother? I was cunning,
Yea, cunning was I with my magic.
And did you not see me then gather
The chips from your angel and shavings,
And burn them, words muttering?
For the hour of blood I was making ready.
For of old against Lazaro
I nursed an old-time rancor.
You struck in your axe in the angel,—
O now must you heed me, God's people !
Then there came a great power upon me
To wield over him there now fettered.
It was close upon night in that ill-fated
Lodging. Lust-crazed then his father
Had seized me to drag toward the entrance,

When Aligi threw himself on us,
In order to save and defend me.
I brandished the axe then with swiftness.
In the darkness I struck him,
I struck him again. Yea, to death I felled him!
With the same stroke I cried, "You have killed him."
To the son I cried out, "You have killed him.
Killed him!" And great in me was my power.
A parricide with my cry I made him—
In his own soul enslaved unto my soul.
"I have killed him!" he answered, and swooning,
He fell in the bloodshed, nought otherwise knowing.

[CANDIA, *with a frantic impulse, seizes with both hands her son, become once more her own. Then, detaching herself from him, with wilder and threatening gestures, advances on her enemy, but the daughters restrain her.*]

CHORUS OF KINDRED. Let her do it, let her, Ornella!
—Let her tear her heart! Let her eat
Her heart! Heart for heart!
Let her seize her and take her
And under foot trample her.
—Let her crush in and shiver
Temple to temple and shell out her teeth.
Let her do it, let her, Ornella!
Unless she do this she will not win back
Her mind and her senses in health again.
—Iona, Iona, Aligi is innocent.
—Unshackle him! Unshackle him!
—Take off the veil! Give him back to us!
—The day is ours, the people do justice.
—The righteous people give judgment.
—Command that he now be set free.

[MILA *retreats near the covered angel, looking toward* ALIGI, *who is already under the influence of the potion.*]

THE CROWD. —Praises be to God! Glory be to God! Glory to the Father!
—From us is this infamy lifted.
—Not upon us rests this blood-stain,
—From our generation came forth
No parricide. To God be the glory!
—Lazaro was killed by the woman,

The stranger, di Codra Dalle Farne.
—We have said and pronounced : he is innocent.
Aligi is innocent. Unbind him !
—Let him be free this very moment !
—Let him be given unto his mother !
—Iona, Iona, untie him ! Untie him !
Unto us this day the Judge of wrong-doing
Over one head gave us full power.
—Take the head of the sorceress !
—To the fire, to the fire with the witch !
—To the brush-heap with the sorceress !
—O, Iona di Midia, heed the people !
Unbind the innocent ! Up, Iona !
—To the brush-heap with the daughter
Of Jorio, the daughter of Jorio !

MILA. Yes, yes, ye just people, yes, ye people
Of God ! Take ye your vengeance on me !
And put ye in the fire to burn with me
The apostate angel, the false one,—
Let it feed the flames to burn me
And let it with me be consumed !

ALIGI. Oh ! voice of promising, voice of deceit,
Utterly tear away from within me
All of the beauty that seemed to reign there,
Beauty so dear unto me ! Stifle
Within my soul the memory of her !
Will that I have heard her voice never,
Rejoiced in it never ! Smooth cut within me
All of those furrows of loving
That opened in me, when my bosom
Was unto her words of deceiving
As unto the mountain that's channelled
With the streams of melting snow ! Close up in me
The furrow of all that hope and aspiring
Wherein coursed the freshness and gladness
Of all of those days of deceiving !
Cancel within me all traces of her !
Will it that I have heard and believed never !
But if this is not to be given me, and I am the one
Who heard and believed and hoped greatly,

And if I adored an angel of evil,
Oh ! then I pray that ye both my hands sever,
And hide me away in the sack of leather
(Oh ! do not remove it, Leonardo),
And cast me into the whirling torrent,
To slumber there for years seven hundred,
To sleep in the depths there under the water;
In the pit of the river-bed, years seven hundred,
And never remember the day
When God lighted the light in my eyes !

ORNELLA Mila, Mila, 'tis the delirium,
The craze of the cup of forgetfulness
To console him he took from the mother.

THE CROWD. —Untie him, Iona, he is delirious,
—He has taken the wine potion.
—Let his mother lay him down on the settle.
—Let sleep come ! Let him slumber !
—Let the good God give him slumber.

[IONA *gives the standard to another and comes to* ALIGI *to untie him.*]

ALIGI. Yea, for a little while free me, Iona,
So that I may lift my hand against her
(No, no, burn her not, for fire is beautiful !)
So that I call all the dead of my birthplace,
Those of years far away and forgotten,
Far, far away, far, far away,
Lying under the sod, four score fathom,
To curse her forever, to curse her !

MILA [*with a heart-rending cry*].
Aligi, Aligi, not you !
Oh ! you cannot, you must not.

[*Freed from the manacles, the veil withdrawn,* ALIGI *comes forward but falls back unconscious in the arms of his mother, the older sisters and the kindred gathering around him.*]

CHORUS OF KINDRED. You need not be frightened. 'Tis the wine only,
'Tis the vertigo seizes him.
—Now the stupor falls upon him,
—Now slumber, deep slumber, o'erpowers him,
—Let him sleep, and may God give him peace !
—Let him lie down ! Let him slumber !

—Vienda, Vienda, he is yours again.
—From the other world both will return now.
Laus Deo! Laus Deo! Gloria Patri!

[IONA *puts the manacles upon* MILA *who offers both wrists and covers her head with the black veil, then taking the standard of wrong doing he pushes her toward the crowd.*]

IONA. I give to you, just people,
Into your hands, Mila di Codra,
The daughter of Jorio, that one
Who does harm to every one.
Do you perform justice upon her,
And let her ashes be scattered.
O Lord, save thy people.
Kyrie eleison.

THE CROWD. *Christe eleison* ! *Kyrie eleison* !
To the fire, to the flames with the daughter
Of Jorio ! The daughter of Jorio !
And to the fire with the apostate angel !
To the brush-heap with them ! To hell-fire with them !

ORNELLA [*with full voice in majesty*].
Mila, Mila ! My sister in Jesus,
I kiss your feet that bear you away !
Heaven is for thee !

MILA [*from within the crowd*].
The flame is beautiful ! The flame is beautiful !

HAUPTMANN'S TREATMENT OF GERMANIC MYTHS

By Paul H. Grummann

SCHILLER has given us an excellent key to his method of utilizing mythological material in 'Die Huldigung der Künste. The genius says:

'Hirten, euch ist nicht gegeben
In ein schönes Herz zu schauen!
Wisset, ein erhabener Sinn
Legt das Grosze in das Leben,
Und er sucht es nicht darin.'

His method was to put significant meanings into the myths, or in German, 'er schmückte sie geistreich aus.'

Goethe on the contrary attempted to make his material yield its own significance. He interpreted out of it, not into it. Goethe, as we know, became the model of Uhland, and it would be a profitable task to trace in detail to what extent Uhland was indebted to Goethe for his interpretations of Germanic myths.

Wagner's treatment of Germanic myths was closely allied to that of the authors of the older Edda. He realized far more clearly than the mythologists of his day that the Eddas contained a vast amount of poetical material which could only be termed mythological in a certain sense. In our own day Wundt has clearly shown that the influence of individual poets upon the mythology of the race is far greater than has been supposed. Like the authors of the Eddas, Wagner attempted to make the myth express a large, comprehensive thought, and suppressed or added details accordingly.

With the strong tendency in the direction of individualism, it is but natural that the individual conception of myths and superstitions should receive a larger share of attention.

In his book on Zola and the experimental novel, Vicenzo Ricca says that the novel of the future will be a compromise between the naturalistic and idealistic novel, in which in addition to the physiological side of the analysis of man and world, also the psychological will find its justification in a deeper sense. These words are so applicable to Hauptmann that one almost feels that they might refer to him directly.

From the beginning, his art attempted a psychological naturalism. Every character is depicted with special reference to its individual psychology. In this respect he differs essentially from Zola, Tolstoi and Ibsen, and we shall not be far afield if we follow his own suggestion and trace his art largely to Bjarne Holmsen.

As we know, Hauptmann draws a sharp distinction between the poet and his characters. He is not interested in the dissemination of some truth, but in the portrayal of characters. Traditional criticism attempts to find heroes in his plays, and consequently fails to detect the negative characteristics in many of his characters. This type of criticism fails to see the hobbies and preconceived notions of Alfred Loth, the weakness of Wilhelm Scholz and the hollowness of Johannes Vockerat's idealism, which a careful reading must reveal.

Hauptmann's aim, then, is to deepen naturalism by a close study of the psychology of the individual. This he does in his earlier dramas and also in 'Hannele' and 'Versunkene Glocke.' The transition from Bahnwarter Thiel and Robert Scholze to Hannele is not at all abrupt. In all of these characters he shows us how the individual consciousness is affected by things and thoughts with which it comes into contact.

The realistic description of the poorhouse in 'Hannele' ought to have been a warning to critics who were eager to see a lapse into idealism in this play. The dream technique simply afforded the poet an opportunity of presenting,—naturalistically,—the subconscious self of Hannele. If in this characterization Hannele's fund of superstitions and myths had been ignored, we should not have a naturalistic portrayal at all. The fact which critic upon critic has overlooked in the discussion of 'Hannele' is that Hauptmann does not give the mythological material as it existed in Hannele's environment, but Hannele's apperception of this material. Therefore she thinks of death as an attractive young man clad in black, not as the traditional Father Time. She knows that she is an illegitimate child and has winced under the nickname Lumpenprinzess, hence she identifies herself with Cinderella. To her Christ is not the Christ of the gospels, but he has many traits of Gottwald, her schoolmaster, whose name is not without significance to her. When this Christ appears in her dream, he is primarily concerned with her wrongs and the iniquities of Mattern. She has her individual notion of Paradise, founded, but only founded, upon what she heard at church, at school and from her mother concerning the Testament story and the Schlaraffenland Marchen.

Similarly the mythology of 'Versunkene Glocke' is not the mythology of Hauptmann, but that of Heinrich. As Hannele identifies herself with Cinderella, so Heinrich, a far more complex character, identifies himself more or less closely with Baldr. Just as Christian and pagan ele-

ments affect Hannele simultaneously, Heinrich makes a conglomerate of Baldr, Freyr and 'der tote Heiland.' He even refers to his fancied mountain as Mount Horeb, in a passage in which he has just identified himself with Baldr.

In order to understand the myths and superstitions of Heinrich it will be necessary to recall the essential characteristics of the bell founder. He is a craftsman of artistic ideals. Like Faust, 'in seinem dunklen Drange' he has been striving to realize the highest possibilities of his art, and, like Faust, 'ist er sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst.'

As a bell founder he thinks concretely, nay plastically.

'Wenn ich die Hand, wie eine Muschel, lege
So mir ans Ohr und lausche, hör ich's tönen
Schliesz ich die Augen quillt mir Form um Form
Der reinen Bildung greifbar deutlich auf.'

This man has worked in the village in outward harmony with his environment, the pastor, the schoolmaster, the barber, and his own family, but has realized that this environment hampers him in the realization of his high goal. All the world, to him, stands in a definite relationship to his art. By means of a bell, a set of chimes, a temple, he would strive to emancipate humanity. The supreme God to him is 'der Glockengiezer der mich schuf' or 'der ewige Wundertater.' Rübezahl, the commonest spirit of Silesian folk-lore, is barely mentioned in the book, because he is of no significance to Heinrich in the pursuit of his ideals. All forces in nature that Heinrich brings into relation to his art and his aims are imagined concretely, and these are the mythological figures of the play. It must be remembered, of course, that these characters are grafted upon the superstitions and myths which his environment offered to him. It is therefore quite natural that not a single mythological character in 'Versunkene Glocke' coincides exactly with the sources to which it has been traced so well by such men as Professor Walz.

Having realized secretly that his environment in the village hampers his full development, he has, in contrast to these Dunkelmanner, formed the conception of an Urmutter Sonne, under whose dominion he might realize his aspirations. In forming this conception he has appropriated whatever appealed to him in the pagan sun myths with which he has come into contact. As the Christ figure is apperceived by Hannele, so the sun myth is apperceived by Heinrich.

In his artistic striving he has more than once encountered the presence of immutable, inexorable laws of nature. They cannot be overcome, but he dreams of propitiating them. To the artist's mind they assume a concrete form. Naturally the village hag who is persecuted by the villagers, and whose wisdom he has learned to respect, becomes the cen-

ter around which this conception crystallizes. This explains the remarkable immediateness with nature on the part of Wittichen, the air of finality about her, her supreme contempt for the villagers and her objective attitude toward Heinrich.

The artist has also felt that in the moments when the creative impulse has been upon him, an indefinable force has assisted him, has tried to propitiate the laws of nature already embodied in Wittichen. Of this force, his ideal, he again forms a plastic image, the fairy of his folk lore naturally becoming the model, although she also has certain characteristics of Frigg. Like Undine, Rautendelein longs for human relations, not because Heinrich has read Undine, however, but because Heinrich has long realized that the ideal can accomplish things only when it is linked to man. He has also reached the conclusion that the ideal must fall into worse hands if the master does not attain to it, hence Rautendelein is in constant danger of falling into worse hands, in this case descending to the Nickelmann and Schrat.

He has learned that certain higher forces of nature can be overcome and yoked into service of man and his art. From his folk lore he knew of a wise, but cruel water sprite, whose general characteristics on the whole coincided with his conception. This figure again is brought into vital relations with his aims. He is forced to turn water wheels, wash gold and raise metals for him, but aside from this he does not possess many of the common characteristics of Mimir and the traditional Nicker.

While sustained efforts will control the higher forces of nature and bind them to a certain servitude, there are certain lower forces which remain in a state of rebellion. In spite of industry and ingenuity certain petty hindrances recur. In a sense they are 'das ewig Gestrige' to Heinrich, and suggest the figure of the Schrat to him. Naturally he is vulgar and sensuous in every fibre. Whatever seems sensuous to Heinrich helps to make up this figure, not only what is found in folk lore. To Heinrich a short pipe gives a man a sensuous appearance, hence the Schrat smokes one in spite of the outcry of a host of hostile critics who see an anachronism in this detail.

Rautendelein stands in a close relationship to the Wittichen, since Heinrich believes that the ideal tries to propitiate the laws of nature for him. The Nickelmann and Schrat both woo Rautendelein, the former with a sensuousness not altogether base, the latter with open vulgarity. Each of them sees in her but a reflex of his own nature, each one imputes his low motives into the actions of Heinrich. It is strange enough that some critics have had views not altogether unlike those of the Nickelmann and Schrat on this subject.

What is presented to us before Heinrich staggers upon the stage are the creatures of his imagination and the attitude which they assume toward each other and toward him. His accident signifies to him that the malicious Schrat is at work again, hence we hear the Schrat telling of the disaster. When he sees the hut on the mountain side, his mind at once reverts to the Wittichen and Rautendelein, and falling down he lapses into the vision which constitutes the remainder of the play.

The vision ends at the end of the play. The stage direction 'Morgenröte' in which many commentators have tried to find a key to the destiny of Heinrich, is nothing but the poet's statement that the day is breaking and the vision is fading with the morning. It fulfills the same purpose as the reappearance of the poorhouse in Hannele. The real background of the play is the mountain side and the hut of a woman who has the reputation of being a witch.

It is quite safe to assume the dream technique for 'Versunkene Glocke.' It was written in a period which produced 'Hannele' and 'Elga.' The poet withheld the publication of the latter play until he was about to publish another drama which employs the same technique—'Pippa tanzt.' In 'Elga' and 'Hannele,' he has sketched the real background and has indicated the beginning of the vision clearly; in 'Versunkene Glocke' and 'Pippa tanzt' he has indicated it indirectly. But these external reasons may be reinforced by an examination of certain difficulties of the play which find an adequate interpretation on the basis of dream technique.

A question which has been asked repeatedly is 'Why did Hauptmann choose a bell founder instead of a poet for his central figure.' He wanted a man of artistic temperament, who had little scholastic training, one who felt more immediately all impressions that came to him, one who would not draw a distinct line between his real and imaginary experiences, one in whom a certain type of critical thought was not developed; in short a good dreamer and one who dreams concretely.

Such a man can readily identify himself with Baldr, but he will develop a Baldr myth wholly unlike the conceptions that we find in the Eddas of Saxo Grammaticus. To him Frigg will not keep her traditiona characteristics. She may still have red hair and other external resemblances, but in all essential characteristics she must necessarily be transformed into a creature which answers to Heinrich's ideal. Rautendelein accordingly exacts a promise from all the powers of nature not to harm Heinrich. The mistletoe of the Eddas and the Mistelteinn of Saxc Grammaticus are of no consequence to him, although there is a mysterious arrow which is called up by one of Baldr-Heinrich's foes—the parson. This arrow, however, is to be traced to Heinrich's former doubts and fears in a far greater measure than to his mythological traditions.

Hodr vanishes from the myth entirely, for Heinrich feels that his enemies are human conventions and the lower forces of nature. These take shape on the one hand in the parson, the schoolmaster, the barber, in a minor sense in his family; and on the other hand in the Nickelmann, the Schrat and only in an indistinct and vague manner in Loki.

One of the most interesting elements of Hannele's vision is the clearness with which it reveals not only the child's former experiences, but also her antecedent thoughts, opinions and reflections. Similarly Rautendelein in Heinrich's vision reveals to us Heinrich's antecedent reflections upon the ideal. At times he has felt that his ideal was making a fool of him. 'Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst.' This is temporary and he is anxious to suppress this doubt. Of course this would recur in his dream and we find him saying to Rautendelein:

'Du armes Ding!
Ich kenne was dich grämt! Der Kindersinn fängt mit den Händen bunte Schmetterlinge und tötet lachend was er zärtlich liebt. Ich aber bin was mehr als solch ein Falter.'

Again he exclaims to her 'zerbrich mir nicht!'

Whenever he has encountered difficulties and has overcome them he has been led in the direction of his ideal. He therefore looks upon the Schrat as a blessing in disguise. He is to him, in a sense,

'Ein Teil von jener Kraft
Die stets das Böse will und stets das gute schafft.'

With this in mind we comprehend more fully the significance of the words uttered by the Schrat to Rautendelein:

'Hatt ich den Glocken wagen nicht gebrochen,
der Edelfalke säsz dir nicht im Garn."

It has already been suggested that the Nickelmann and Schrat woo Rautendelein, because Heinrich has felt that if he does not accomplish his high task, the ideal will fall into worse hands. When he breaks relations with her in the vision, she accordingly goes to the Nickelmann, not without calling herself "die tote Braut" since she becomes degraded by the step. This is due to Heinrich's idea that the ideal adapts itself to the nature of the creature who espouses it. When he has been in doubt concerning his ideal, he has mused over the possible results of renouncing it. He has, however, reached the conclusion that to come to an open rupture with his ideal would mean that he would never be able to reconcile it again. In bare prose, his doubts would remove him in a great measure from inspired work

This thought is reflected very clearly in the vision. Having deserted Rautendelein, he has gone to the village, but his longing for the ideal drives him back to the mountain. Here he enlists the assistance of

Wittichen, but even after fulfilling fixed conditions only sees Rautendelein dimly.

Rautendelein, Wer ruft so leise?
Heinrich, Ich!
Rautendelein, Wer du?
Heinrich, Nun ich.
Komm du nur näher, so erkennst du mich.
Rautendelein, Ich kann nicht, und ich kenne dich auch nicht.
Heinrich. Du marterst mich! Komm fühle meine Hand
so Kennst du mich.
Rautendelein, Ich hab dich nie gekannt.

In short, breaking with the ideal and losing faith in it to Heinrich means a blind staggering between the ideal and his traditional ties so vividly expressed in the dream when Heinrich asks Magda for the goblet, and Rautendelein actually performs the service.

This goblet signifies death to him. Rautendelein has already said:

"Geh, denn ich töte den, der mit mir spricht."

All of this is to be traced again to his consciousness of the vanity of his striving, a doubt which has been strengthened by his neighbors and friends. Abstractly expressed, the ideal is fatal to him who embraces it.

The three goblets of wine which have caused so much discussion again find a ready explanation if we try to interpret them from the experiences and convictions of Heinrich.

In his attempt to find the ideal again, he is confronted by the laws of nature (Whittichen). He has learned long ago that an advantage gained from nature must entail all the consequences of such an advantage. Popularly expressed "Wer A sagt muss auch B sagen." In the vision the Wittichen properly expresses this causality of nature to him definitely by means of three goblets. What he himself has felt very often simply becomes plastic here in his consciousness. The symbolism of the three goblets is to be found in Heinrich, and it has a general significance only in the measure in which the individual is after all typical.

So also the dwarfs of the fourth act have a significance only to Heinrich and not generally. They are the aids which come to him through Rautendelein's assistance, and goaded on by his incipent doubts, he is tyrannical to them. Wholly in agreement with the dream technique the dwarfs that have been helping him begin to voice the doubts that are present in Heinrich. The crowned dwarf is but his plastic conception of the idea that "a time will come when these forces that serve me unwillingly will crown my work."

Many details of 'Hannele' and 'Versunkene Glocke' lead one to the assumption that Hauptmann had direct or indirect knowledge of such

works as Ludwig Laistner's 'Das Ratsel der Sphinx' and devoted much attention to a study of the relation of the dream and nightmare to mythology. That he seriously studied the psychology of the myth is evident from the fact that his practice coincides with the theory of Wundt as laid down in his 'Mythus und Religion.' (Erster Teil. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1905 p. 591).

'Und auch an Zwecken fehlt es dem Mythus niemals, da er von frühe darauf ausgeht, alle äuszeren Erlebnisse mit den eigenen Wünchen, Hoffnungen und Befürchtungen des Menschen in Beziehung zu setzen.'

Again, p. 602: 'Die individuelle Phantasie dagegen individualisiert auch ihre Schöpfungen. Sie schildert einzelne konkrete Erlebnisse und wandelt damit die allgemeine mythologische Vorstellung in ein einzelnes, nur einmal gewesenes Ereignis um, das sie an bestimmte Orte und Personen bindet und schliesslich in einen zusammenhangenden Verlauf weiterer Ereignisse einreiht.'

On p. 603: 'Damit, dasz Märchen und Fabel individualisierende Erzählungen sind, manifestieren sie sich ohne weiteres als Dichtungen, die möglicher-weise einen mythischen Hintergrund haben, selbst aber nicht mehr zum reinen Mythus gehören.'

Is it not possible to assume that Hauptmann also conceived of the 'Marchen' as 'individualisierte Mythen' and that he therefore called his drama 'Die versunkene Glocke, *ein Marchendrama.*'

At the beginning of his career Hauptmann was already interested in Germanic myths. Not until he had thoroughly clarified his views by a study of myths and the psychology of myths, and had with infinite pains worked out a suitable technique in 'Hannele,' did he make use of this material in 'Versunkene Glocke.' I can only reiterate what Richard Meyer says in his 'Die deutsche Literatur des 19 Jahr hunderts' that we must approach 'Versunkene Glocke' through 'Hannele.'

THE IDYL OF ISRAEL KNOWN AS THE SONG OF SOLOMON OR SONG OF SONGS

By Ruby Archer

IN the bold, barbaric days, nine centuries or so before the Christian era, the marriage rites in Israel were celebrated in festivals of many days. Beautiful songs were written, dialogues and primitive dramas, including many a graceful dance and divertisement by soloist or chorus. There was a naive simplicity in the arrangement of the parts, which were few, definite in their intent, and making little demand of the audience—so little, that the production could be divided into entertainments for the several days of the marriage fête without losing their hold on public feeling. To this age of splendid tribal unity belongs the Song of Songs, as certain internal evidence in the allusion to the city of Tirzah justifies us in accepting,—Tirzah, capital of the kingdom of Israel, disappeared from history when Samaria was made capital by Omri in 923 B. C. This puts the creation of the song in the age of the very bloom of Arabic power, long before the religious dreams of the Christian fathers. The God of these Semitic tribes was the terrible avenger, as He has remained with a certain caste to this day. So that the dogmatic interpretation of a simple pastoral to justify the God-love theory toward the chosen people, or the church, becomes a manifest anachronism. This was doubtless devised as a measure of the divines in retaining in the canon a book whose antiquity gave it an aura of sanctity. The arbitrary ascribing of the religious significance, though in the eyes of many a devotee, a blessed theory, is not particularly interesting to the sincere student of the work as a piece of monumental Hebraic literature, a thing which though indeed symbolic, has its best claim thereto in its immediate and direct structure. Love is its theme, human love, divinely human. It is neither a mystic-religious nor a purely erotic writing, however; but something more interesting and with a better claim to the immortality which has preserved it through the centuries. It is an epithalamium, or marriage-song, carrying out with haunting perfection the theme of the triumph of love. It might be called a little 'morality' on the motive of love-loyalty. This was tentatively sug-

gested by a writer in the eighteenth century, but was so scouted and ridiculed by the theologues that, until Ernest Renan, no one dared lift up a voice of clearness with that message. And the churchmen had it all their own way, and with praiseworthy earnestness distorted the antique, elemental lines into enigmatical pietisms. But everybody likes the Song, or Canticle, even if he can't apply the symbolisms as they are printed at the top of the accepted version. This same version, by the way, is often erroneous in the use of the pronouns, thus increasing the difficulties of the lay member in the English reading. But Renan has mercifully made a direct translation into the French from the Hebrew, and William M. Thomson has in turn done Renan into English, for which service much gratitude is due.

Tossed backward and forward from critic to commentator and back, a score of exegeses, all equally unacceptable, have been evolved. The dramatic idea has vaguely occurred to many, but was finally and quite desperately, dismissed by the majority, in favor at last of a rather disconnected series of love-lyrics, with no continuity except the general unity of theme. Renan, however, bold and sensitive student brought the parts into directly joined dialogue, dividing by natural denouements into scenes and acts. He has added nothing, taken away nothing; he even refrained from changing the order of the scenes to what would appear their logical sequence; and thus he has left it so that the reader will allow for very arbitrary and inverted change of scene,—the main instance of this being the placing of the arrival of Solomon and his suite at Jerusalem, far along in the drama whose central action depends on that triumphant entry with the new beauty of the north, the fair Shulamite.

This brown maid, the daughter of some chieftain, had been surprised and carried away by the minions of Solomon, and brought against her will to the harem in Jerusalem. She was of the land of Lebanon, a lovely being, proud and free of spirit. And in the unfolding of her character as the true votary of a pure love, in contrast to the voluptuaries of the court of King Solomon, lies the real symbolism of the poem.

The sultan cannot win her, with all his palaces and jewel gifts. The odalisques, with their feverish songs and dances, cannot change her fealty to her beloved. Let us consider him a shepherd of her own country, and that her heart turns to him in her rich and hateful prison. Then the lines take on a vital meaning.

The oriental figures of description, so childlike in their frankness, have been vilified by the purists, who have herein found their chief defence for attributing everywhere a religious application. Now in truth the Song contains nothing even trending on vulgarity or coarseness. The lines applied to the harem-life are intentionally harsh, as the writer—who

was by no means Solomon—evidently felt a cordial hatred toward the polygamous ways of the capital—the legalized robbery of peasants' daughters to enrich the monarch's household. Some of the critics have even said so absurd a thing as to describe the Song as a satire against the encroachments of Solomon by Solomon himself! A defense of monogamy by the husband of many score of ladies. Very ingenious of the critic, but not in accord with the famous wisdom of the sage. The writer was in all likelihood some one of those impassioned poets of the north of Palestine, from whose republican sentiments arose the rebellion a little later. Indeed, the scenery does not at all belong to the somewhat barren character of the country around Jerusalem, and is clearly the poetic embellishment of one familiar with the luxuriance of the seasons.

But whatever be the facts, since we of to-day are indebted for the preservation of the beautiful composition, to its assumed allegorical meaning, and more, to its authorship by the writer of *Kings,* it is not in our minds to cavil over the excuse for its retention in the canon.

Suppose, then the drama, as interpreted by Renan, to contain for *dramatis personae* the Shulamite, her shepherd lover, her brothers, yeomen associates of his, on the one hand; and Solomon and his ladies of Jerusalem on the other. Really three principal characters and an appropriate chorus background. One of the quaintnesses of this antique drama is the sudden and unprepared change of scene; another is the somewhat narrative or lyric quality which takes the place of the element of suspense in action germain to the drama of later centuries, beginning with the inventions of the Greeks.

The first scene takes place in the harem, the opening sentence by one of the odalisques: 'Let him kiss me with a kiss of his mouth!' being followed in chorus by the rest of the harem, 'Thy caresses are sweeter than wine,' etc. Evidently amorous tributes to the King. Just here the captive is brought in. The burden of her plaint is, 'The king has brought me into his harem.' The wives of Solomon continue their chorus of homage, 'Our transports and our delights are for thee alone,' etc. And the girl takes up her story, with a pathetic little appeal to these women for consideration. She tells how the suns of her native province have burned her, while she was working in the vineyards for her unkind brothers. And she closes pensively, 'But, alas, mine own vineyard have I indeed badly kept.' Some think she is alluding here again to her beauty, but others, and more reasonably, perhaps, that she alludes to her maiden freedom. This may be said to end the first scene. But the girl, in a measure distraught with her recent experiences, speaks aloud her thought, which turns ever toward her beloved, and questions him whither he leads his

sheep. One of the women of the harem, half in jest, half in reproof, suggests that if she desires this knowledge, she should return to her own shepherding.

Then we find what might be termed the Solomon 'motif,' as he begins his wooing flattery, and promises of adornings. Thus ends another scene, the peasant making no response.

She is alone now, and muses again of her beloved. But her meditation is again interrupted by the entrance of Solomon, this time with more urgent compliments. Her fairness and her dove-eyes inspire him. But she continues addressing her absent shepherd, and recalls wistfully their 'bed of green' in the woodland country of her home. Solomon pursues his way equally serenely, and recounts the richness of his palace, for contrast, with its beams of cedar and panels of cypress.

Here the maiden may be supposed to believe that her beloved has even come so far to rescue her, and that he is near. She lifts her voice in a snatch of song, as if to warn him of her presence:

'I am the rose of Sharon,
The lily of the valleys.'..

And the immediate response of the shepherd, who breaks into the apartment, takes up her thought with, 'As a lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the maidens.' The Shulamite forgets everything but the presence of her lover. She gives him sweet words for his sweet ones, exclaims of her longing for his presence. He is to her as a gracious apple-tree, with pleasant shadow and welcome fruit. We picture them clasped in each other's embrace, while she goes on with her tranced murmurings, now imagining that they are back at the farm, and that he has brought her into the familiar wine-room. Even, in her faintness, she asks to be 'stayed with grapes,' for she is 'dying of love.' Then follow the words which are indicative of her sense of his support and caressing care, even as she swoons away. And her lover, addressing the harem, now gathering around, marks a natural close of the act in a manner similar to the endings of other acts farther on in the drama: 'I beseech you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and the hinds of the fields, awake not, awake not my beloved until it pleases her.' This meaning is entirely lost in the accepted version, where 'her' has been translated 'him.' In the logical conclusion of this division of the drama, we find the theme of love regnant, as in each of these divisions, which might have been produced on different days of the fête.

The Peasant girl is next discovered alone, and as if dreaming. She hears once more the voice of her beloved, she sees him spring fawn-like to meet her on the hills. And now she even attends his summoning at her window, as on some morning in spring in their glad freedom, pleading with

her to make holiday with him, the winter being gone, and the time of rains, while the new flowers are appearing. With delicate touches of descriptive power he sets forth the charm of the season. It is nearly the song-time of the mating birds. And he even speaks of such minor details as the voice of the turtle in the fields and the young shoots of the fig tree. Even the bloom of the grape-vine, and its fragrance, are not forgotten. Thus does all nature seem to be in sympathy with their glad love, and her invitation mingles with the song of the lover. He names her well his 'dove, nestled in the clefts of the rock,' and pleads to hear her voice. Then she sings happily again, just a snatch of melody that is familiar to them both, about the 'little foxes that ravage the vines,' and she grants him her countenance, and sends him to his flocks with words of love and sweet promises for the 'hour when the day shall cool and the shadows lengthen.' Thus the poet has given us a glimpse of the idyllic life from which the maid has been ravished away.

There is much controversy about the next scene with the commentators. Those who are for the allegorical significance of the whole drama interpret this passage as referring to the displeasure and withdrawal of God when his people have been remiss 'in watchfulness and prayer' or have held on to 'some cherished sin.' This night-wandering of the young maid in quest of her beloved, 'through the market places and the highways' then becomes symbolic of the pursuit of the spirit. But to the present student the scene appears to be merely the recounting of a dream. The opening words, indeed, with this hypothesis, give the needed hint, 'On my bed at night, I sought him whom my heart loveth; I sought him, and I found him not.' She then dreamed of arising and going forth into the strange city to find him. This of course she would not have done in reality, more especially as the shepherd had already proven his ability to make his way to her presence. And especially does this version become probable when we consider the following episode which she relates, 'I laid hold of him and would not let him go until I had brought him into my mother's house.' This was her childhood home, many weary ways from the city of Jerusalem, and the immediately following action shows that this journey was not made. It was all a dream, and by the curious mode of presentation, not at all out of order with the unities for her to relate it just in that manner.

The next scene, showing the cortége of Solomon arriving in Jerusalem, is the one that Renan's hand trembled over, when he wanted to change its order to the earlier scenes of the drama, where it notably would seem to belong. Certain nameless citizens may be supposed to note its approach, and by their lively descriptive sentences give a realistic picture of the royal palanquin 'giving forth the fragrance of myrrh' and

surrounded by swordsmen, guarding the last prize, the sparkling beauty for the harem. This idea is not preserved in the accepted version, which runs, 'the midst of it paved with love'—a perplexing figure, and a very odd carriage!

Then of a sudden this lightning-change action is back in the harem and we have a series of elaborate rhetorical compliments, which are differingly ascribed to Solomon and to the shepherd. They would seem rather to belong to Solomon, and to represent his subtle wooing, although some of the figures of speech hark back to the country—comparing her eyes to doves, her teeth to 'sheep, newly shorn,' her cheek to a pomegranate and her hair to a flock of goats 'depending from the sides of Gilead.' But the comparison of her neck to 'the tower of David, builded to serve as an armory, in which are suspended a thousand breastplates, and all the bucklers of the valiant,' shows a too minute knowledge of civic affairs to fit the simple shepherd. And the close, 'When the day shall cool, and the shadows lengthen, I will get me to the mountains of myrrh and to the hills of frankincense,' might well be the sanguine thought of Solomon towards his bride, just brought home in triumph in the palanquin with 'pilasters of gold and curtains of purple.'

The next words may even be his greeting in the evening, as he approaches her with beguilements, 'Thou art all fair, my love, and there is no blemish in thee.' But here breaks in an impassioned note, altogether different in its hurry and insistence. This will be the shepherd, calling boldly from the bottom of the seraglio: 'Come with me, my spouse!' etc., thus with his pleading interrupting Solomon in the very hour of his apparent triumph. In no mild terms he alludes to her sumptuous environment as 'the depth of the lions' den' and 'the top of the mountains which the leopards inhabit.' She may be supposed to give him encouragement at this point, by looking from the casement, so that he continues, now pleading, now recalling past delights, and mingling throughout his overpowering sense of her charm, which would have mastered him though but infinitely subdivided. 'Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one of thy ringlets which encircle thy neck.' An especial tenderness is suggested by the union of the two relations in the lover's mind—'my sister, my spouse'—which refers to their close comradeship in their native province, through the years of childhood and early youth until the love-time. His confidence in her loyalty to him is beautifully expressed in the words, 'a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.' And she appeals to him with the thousand delicacies of the fragrances of the forest and grove, spikenard, saffron, calamus, cinnamon . . 'with all manner of sweet-smelling plants.' She is indeed thus sweet to the senses of his soul. There is something of the abandon of the Hebrew poetry in its

grandest period in the few words: 'Awake, north winds, come south winds; blow upon my garden that its fragrance may be diffused.'

The Shulamite gently replies to his ardors with a complete response: 'Let my beloved enter his garden, and let him taste of its choicest fruits.' Then if we suppose them to have embraced, the following happy words will be well accounted for: 'I have entered my garden, my sister, my spouse. I have gathered my myrrh and my balsam. I have eaten my sweet and my honey. I have drunk my wine and my milk.' And in his great contentment, his heart goes out to the world, and turning to the convenient chorus, he bids them also 'Eat, O friends, drink abundantly'—in their own gardens, however, we will surmise! The act thus closes with what might be termed the burden of the whole song—the baffling of Solomon in his selfish desires, and the triumph of faithful love. In this curious insistence and return to the same ultimate for each act and almost for each scene, we distinguish most markedly the difference between the 'parallel' scenes of the ancient Hebrew drama and the 'progressive scenes' of all since the Greek. The chorus has ancient authority for its employment, as we have observed by even its slight yet effectively sympathetic use in the Song.

The fourth act opens with the Shulamite recounting a dream and a vision to the women of the harem—or actually going forth—as the literalists would have us believe—among the wild dangers of the great city at night, the abuses of the threatening watchmen, and her own wilder fears. Be that as it may, her supposed answer to the query of the chorus as to her beloved's personality is among the strongest passages of the drama. It is led up to by her having finally answered his calling at her window, where he waited wearily, 'my head is all covered with dew, the locks of my hair are all dropping with the night mists.' Here occurs that exquisite grace of the Hebrew poetry, in which the sense is re-echoed in softly changing words. Then mark the life in this, 'My beloved now put his hand through the lattice, and my bosom quivered thereat. I arose to open to my beloved.' Then the realism of the scene is enhanced as she touches the fastenings on which his hands have rested. 'My hands were found to be dropping with myrrh, my fingers with liquid myrrh, which covered the handle of the lock.' What sweet dews were distilled in those olden nights!

As we were saying, she distinguishes him by her glowing description, and the fondness of her terms doubtless made those women of Jerusalem smile, they—with their sold caresses and their obedient blandishments.—

'My beloved is white and ruddy; you would tell him amongst a thousand. . . The locks of his hair are as flexible as palm leaves. . His eyes are as doves' eyes, reflected in streams of running water. . His cheeks are

like a bed of balsam. . His legs are pillars of marble, set on pedestals of gold; his countenance is as Lebanon, beautiful as the cedars. From his palate is diffused sweetness; his person is altogether lovely. Such is my beloved.' Though it is doubtful if he could from this be identified amongst a thousand, it was very evident that there was none to compare with him in the heart of the Shulamite. The episode concludes once more with the triumph of love, and the shepherd 'gathering lilies.'

We may assume in the next scene that Solomon recommences his wooing of the fair vine-dresser, and encounters small encouragement. In her proud beauty is an unusual problem for the much-wived monarch. She looks upon him with such disdain that he finds her 'as terrible as an army in battle' and is fain to ask, 'Turn thine eyes away from me, for they distress me.' He then, in keeping with the poetic character of the song, reiterates his former figures of speech in praise of her hair, teeth and cheek.

In the midst of his entreaties, the peculiar contrasting of the characters demands the interposition of the shepherd lover, who interrupts the king with a still warmer speech, in which he places the worth of his 'undefiled' above that of the whole household of Solomon—'three-score queens, and fourscore concubines, besides young maidens without number.' Her womanly sweetness and modesty were such, moreover, that far from feeling envy of her, 'the young maidens saw her, and proclaimed her blessed; the queens and the concubines saw her and praised her.' Some of the commentators have attributed this passage to Solomon himself, but it is manifestly unsuited to him, as it speaks of the girl familiarly in her own home, as being 'the chosen one of her who gave her birth.' It is customary for the shepherd to revert to these early scenes in which they had so much in common, and besides, the exigencies of the action demand his symbolic opposition to the royal 'villain.'

In the following scene, the peasant is telling the story of how she was surprised by the King's soldiers and carried away. Her wildwood wanderings show her to be a real child of nature: 'I descended into the garden of nuts, *to see the herbs of the valley, to see whether the vine had budded,* whether the pomegranates were in flower.' Such were her innocent pleasures. 'O fatal step! that this caprice should plunge me into the midst of the chariots of a prince's train.'

The women of the harem then tease her playfully, 'turn that we may look on thee,' haply rallying her on the charm that caused her abduction.

A danseuse of the harem, skilled in the graceful rites of Mahanaim, a city of symbolic dance-cults, here interrupts the harem in the attention given the peasant, with—'Why look at the Shulamite,' and in all likelihood she poises herself lightly in the middle of a rich rug and then dances

her best, calling forth the plaudits of all, and especially a rapturous approval from Solomon, with whom she is apparently a well-established favorite. She is of blood-royal, for he addresses her as 'Prince's daughter,' looks with pleasure at her beautiful feet in their little sandals, then gives his eyes sweet revelry up her charming form, the curving thighs, the snowy body, the lily-breasts, the ivory throat, the lake-deep eyes, proud nose, and tresses fit to entangle kings. And he breathes into the moment many a passionate memory in the words, 'How fair and pleasant art thou, O my love, in the moments of embrace. . thy mouth is like the most exquisite wine, which droppeth sweetly, and moistens the lips of the eager lover.' Where shall we find such warmth in love-words, except in the broken fragments of the magic Sappho's lost odes?

The peasant looks on, scarcely realizing the full meaning of this voluptuous scene, and dreamily still, she reverts to her own love-experience, and her faithful companion, with his singleness of thought: 'I am my beloved's, and he is mine.'

And at last, turning resolutely from all this fever and unreality of life, her thoughts fly like a homing bird to that pure-breathed country home, where her virtue had its natural environment in the fresh freedom of nature undespoiled. She flees to her lover's side and urges him forth with her: 'Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, let us sleep in the vineyard.' She longs for their rural interests. 'Let us arise early to go to the vines; let us see whether the vine stocks have budded, whether the pomegranates are in flower. There,' she sweetly promises, 'will I give thee my caresses. . At our gate are heaped up the most beautiful fruits; new and old, I have guarded them for thee, O my beloved.' How beautifully she mingles the real and the allegorical here.

The following words, the 'formula' employed many times in the drama to close a scene, 'His left hand sustains my head, and his right embraces me,' and the shepherd's admonition to the chorus, not to awake his beloved 'until it pleases her,' indicate that once more she is overcome by her mingled emotions, and swoons in his arms; and the logical change of scene to the approaches of the village home indicate that he has borne her straightway from the seraglio and made the journey across the wilderness. Even to the apple-tree at her mother's door he carries her, and then awakens her joyously with, 'Behold the house in which thy mother conceived thee, in which she gave thee birth.' The girl, now becoming wholly conscious of the preciousness of that which she had all but lost, bursts into a final strain of love-song, praying him—'Set me now as a seal upon thy heart, as a bracelet about thy arm, for love is strong as death; passion inflexible as hell.' (Thinking of the scenes through which she had

just lived.) 'Its brands are the brands of fire, its arrows the fire of Jehovah.' (The lightning.)

The moral and purport of the Song thus makes itself clearly evident. And even more so in this bit of philosophy, which may be supposed to be spoken, after the manner of those ancient dramas, by a 'Sage' who makes his only appearance for the purpose: 'Great waters cannot quench love, rivers cannot extinguish it. If a man seek to *purchase* love at the sacrifice of his whole substance, he would only reap confusion.'

Here, according to modern dramatic usages, the play ends. But this author has added a little scene between the peasant and her brothers, in which she meets their arrogant pretensions at guardianship with both gentleness and sarcasm; and the Song ends with final reunion of the lovers in the midst of the village rejoicings, when she invites him how fondly at last, to 'be like unto a roe or to a hind's fawn upon the mountains of spices.' As pretty a pastoral as ever came from poet's brain.

With the removal of the crust of theology, the antique drama is seen in all its honest outlines, immortally young and fresh as the newly-discovered frescoes under the ages' covering of dust and smoke. These characters are as clearly and effectively defined one against another as our more subtly juxtaposed types of to-day. Only the ancient way of treating them seems to us naively abrupt and inconsequent. But the peculiar quality of each is retained intact throughout, and the unity of the whole, as depending on the furtherance of one motive, may be said to be well maintained. The nature of Solomon is, truly, not very flatteringly depicted, nor is there anything—to our cosmopolitan tolerance—very awful. He was a much-married man, and did more than his share of providing veils and necklaces; but he was evidently a mild monarch, rewarding his beloveds with rich favors and abundant tenderness. But our author evidently had a grudge against him for plundering the provinces of its pretty maids, and in this defense of plighted love, took occasion to show up the ruler of the earth as defeated by the ruler of hearts. The ladies of the harem are evidently of one thought—love for their Solomon. They are not of a possessing turn, for the new member of the seraglio is not looked upon at all unkindly; on the contrary, her fairness is at once generously admitted as superlative. The shepherd will be remembered for his frank and steadfast wooing, so richly embellished with every fancy and allusion to nature, while the vine-dresser herself stands forth supreme in her beauty through all the passing centuries, the ever-longed-for, never-won, yet all-yielding flower of life—incarnation and symbol—the complete love of woman when she knows her inmost soul.

'PIPPA PASSES' ON THE STAGE

By David Kelley Lambuth

THE dramatic critics disported themselves merrily over the recent production of Browning's 'Pippa Passes' on a New York stage. But if the play was really productive of such effervescent facetiousness, it seems ungrateful to have called it 'Four Long Hours of Gloom and Browning.' Judging from the tone of the 'morning after' criticisms, it was anything but gloomy. Jokes about the author's unintelligibility, consecrated by immemorial usage, were warmed over, like the Irishman's fatted calf that had been saved for years, and served under French nom de plumes, but some original humor was accidentally perpetrated too, and sheds new light upon the poet's work. 'Pippa' wails one critic, 'passed by a variety of most difficult people, and we got the variety,' a second announces the moral of the Ottima-Sebald scene to be that 'when you choose a man to murder your old husband, be sure not to get one with cold feet,' while a third declares with great solemnity that 'Pippa continually passes, and every time she passes she precipitates a catastrophe.' There is as much truth as humor in all of these, for Sebald's suicide, leaving Ottima to face the consequences alone, is cowardice not heroism, on the stage, and we are made painfully aware, improper though it may be, that on the stage we sympathize with Ottima and would gladly see her well out of the difficulty, that we are sure of the foolish quixotism of Jules matrimonial venture, that there is apparently no good reason why the Intendent's offer should tempt the Bishop, and finally that Pippa's lines as sung on the stage seem hopelessly insufficient to bring down such momentous consequences.

Whether this production be thought justified or no, it is enlightening on many points, and we are indebted to the enthusiasm of Mrs Le Moine for getting it on the stage, and to Mr. Henry Miller for his laborious care in setting and presenting it. It is the purpose of this paper to deal with the illumination thrown by the presentation upon the poem, not with its technical theatrical merits.

The fundamental error in the current criticism was in classification. He must be a visionary indeed who could imagine Pippa a play for a popular audience. It could never be enticed into the clothes proper to a well bred stage production of the normal sort. Why then judge it by

standards foreign to its kind? Count it rather an attempt to clarify by action and illuminate by skilled delivery—and it was skilled delivery indeed—one of the finest productions of the great poet. Mrs Le Moine said in an interview: "If a thing is beautiful to you, it should be more beautiful when, to the reading of the eye, are added the cadence of the voice and the artistic environment of setting." So judged, we contend it has a *raison d'être.*

In essentially dramatic thought Browning ranks first among our poets. He presents, with only minor bits of external action, the development of a career, its conflicting forces, and the sudden turns and leaps of thought, which emotionally suggest rather than prosaically demonstrate its course. The attention is held by the contrast in thought instead of action. It is evident that skill in the presentation of such dramatic thought does not coincide with the essential qualities of a successful playwright. Above all, a play demands some sort of unity, but lack of unity is the chiefest anathema hurled at poor Pippa. This is all too true, and yet the acted play does show a certain real unity, not in the external characters and scenes, but in the proposition made and proven by them. Browning, with characteristic perversity has turned the thing wrong side out, and the plot—if it will forgive us—is really an intellectual development in the mind of the spectator, from proposition, through proof, to conviction. You laugh and call it a 'syllogism;' well, I admit it, but a syllogism considerably dramatic and convincing. Mind you, I'm not defending this dramatic gymnastic, I am only trying to act the expositor.

On the stage curtain was appropriately displayed the motto: 'All service ranks the same with God. God's puppets, best and worst, are we. There is no last nor first.' Simple Pippa believes it very confidently in the morning, but in the evening when her day is spent, the truth seems dim. How far from her, still, are those great ones she had dreamed of somehow influencing on this one holiday of all the year! But the doubt comes to Pippa, not to us. We have seen how, running the gamut of human passions in their crises, she has not only struck the light of conscience into the blinded sensual soul of Sebald, not only set Jules to an unselfish devotion to the girl he had been tricked into marrying, not only saved Luigi to his purposed self-devotion in ridding the state of a tyrant, but even caught the messenger of God in his moment of temptation and made him God's anew. So from lowest to highest the little peasant girl can reach with a cheery, thoughtless song. Pippa may not know, but to us the secret has been revealed, and the final repetition of 'no last nor first,' as Pippa falls asleep, though but a childish fancy to her, is to us the C major that ends and dominates the whole.

Browning consciously devoted himself, as he says, to 'poetry always

dramatic in principle,' and to this are due the popular terrors of his style, rather than to this much abused diction. Herein an actual presentation is enlightening. We call him glibly a dramatic poet, but do not realize the full extent of his dramatic form. Of marvelous variety is his utterance; loftiness, sordidness, pathos, humor, eagerness trampled upon the heels by fatuous indifference, running the gamut of emotions in a rapid succession infinitely difficult to render, yet true to the manner of human thought; more like the spinning moods of Shakespeare's immortal Cleopatra than any other. Tennyson writes for reading or declamation; Browning for nervous though rhythmic speaking. Lines that baffle the eye alone flash into light when given voice. Pippa on the stage was proof of the essential vitality of frequent passages, which not only gained in clarity and force, but provided room for a play of dramatic expression not surpassed by any poet or playwright. It was to me an ample proof that his conversation is more vivid and dramatic *as conversation,* than even Shakespeare's. The speeches interpreted themselves into the external of gesture and expression with a readiness as unusual as it was striking.

No unprejudiced listener could deny to the scenes elements of convincing dramatic power, a power that rises from a clear visual imagining of the characters and their movements, leaving the least possible room for the introduction of any original stage 'business' by the actors, so unmistakably has all of this been already suggested in the lines. And this was natural. The drama written for reading rather than acting must forego the larger actions that so much occupy the stage, since these can be given only in narration, and must confine itself to the smaller interpretive movements, gestures and expressions which can be subtly and rapidly reflected in the actors' words. Herein lies Browning's peculiar vividness, and an unusual richness on the stage; but here also the tragic fault. That which we cannot see upon the stage, the quarrel with the old Luca, the murder and the terror of that huddled body, or the sweeping passion of the day in the woods with the climax of the storm, appeals to us as dramatically, when we read the lines, as the cunning playings of Ottima upon the unnerved Sebald, the horror at the red wine, or the sudden interruption of Pippa's song; but in acting the play the latter alone can be given on the stage, and the story is robbed of the strongest elements of its power. The unity is dissolved, and the struggle of the two souls to deal with their guilt looms disproportionately large compared with the more dramatic portion of the plot which falls into second place because it can only be told.

The scene between Jules and Phene, being half an hour of just three uninterrupted speeches, was, we confess, hopeless, though the strain arose more from the intolerably long silence imposed upon the other actor than

an entire lack of dramatic change in the speeches themselves. As a critic suggested: 'One does not make long distance records of elocution at the crisis of one's fate.' Jules breaking up his old casts preparatory to setting out on his new quest, was omitted, probably for the very good reason that in actual practice it would suggest a mad house instead of a studio, but it sacrificed almost the only bit of action in the scene.

The Luigi and his mother scene was cut out entire. An audience of this twentieth century cannot be cajoled or bull-dozed into publicly eating its assumed moral standards and crying: 'God's speed, Luigi, in your intended murder,' any more than it enjoys the sport of Shylock's agony or admits in practice—which is not just the same as theory—the contention of the 'Statue and the Bust,' that to have sinned boldly is better than to have purposed a sin and, through weakness, not committed it. We are a practical people—when we do not stop to think about it—and are sure to put the whole weight upon consequence not intention.

The punning, rhyming and arabic inscription farce of Bluphocks—which the critic could not understand—was obviously intended to be unintelligible and shows Browning at his most mischievous, if academic, humor. But the end of the scene is transfigured with that insight into the indistinguishable sources of good and evil which lays the trap for Pippa's entanglement where else but in her singing, which was just her glory? The stage presentation thrusts this home with force. Browning has a searching understanding of the springs of human action, through an instinctive intellect which springs from point to point in a labyrinth no mere plodding could ever traverse, and endows him with subtle insight into the processes of the soul. No amount of technical faults can obscure the gripping realism in the scene between Ottima and Sebald. This is not guesswork, not philosophical theory, it is life.

Daylight filters through the window's chink, of the shrub house, upon the lovers waking in the gloom, from an exhausted sleep to consciousness of last night's deed, then, as the rusty shutter is thrown open, flashes blindingly upon them like a sin discovered, while the quiet hills now visible through the opened window and the sunshine streaming in, give startling confirmation to Sebald's cry: 'You are plotting one thing here, nature, another outside.' The unstrung woman cuts sarcastically at his clumsiness in opening the window, shaking the dust down on her, breaking the pots on the ledge, then with sudden realization of their partnership in guilt, 'Kiss, and be friends, my Sebald.'

But the man is torn by that terrible reaction from evil concerning which we have blinded ourselves with sentimental words, until the black reality stares at us through its mask. 'Our passion's fruit,' he cries, 'the devil take such cant! Say, always, Luca was a wittol, I am his cut-

throat, you are—' Against him she plays eager commonplaces: 'I can see St Mark's' leaning out of the window; 'Stop, Vecenza should lie—' and with a cry of exultation: 'there's Padua plain enough.' She presses wine upon him, with a subtle cunning calling it 'black' not 'red'! That it was red is evident a moment later when raising it to his lips he catches the blood-glint of it and dashes it to the ground, calling in terror for 'the white wine, the white wine!' Not until he is a little steadied by the wine does she dare attempt the hypnotic power of physical appeal, of sensual charm. Did Browning ever conceive anything more dramatic than that by-play with the hair? 'It is so you said a lock of hair should wave across my neck?' flinging her gleaming hair before her throat, 'this way?' drawing it higher, 'or this?' binding it about her brows. Not Cleopatra's self could play so terribly. Browning wanders back again and again to that subtle glint of demoniac life that lurks in a woman's hair. The man once trapped again, she sweeps him along to the music of a magnificent sin, attuned to the hot breath of summer woods and the searching tempest, making him drunk with her breath, which is 'worse than wine,' luring his fingers at last, on pretext of binding it up, into the gleaming strands of her fallen hair, and he rushes blindly into that defiance that is to make him hers forever: 'My Spirit's Arbitress, Magnificent in Sin.'

Then Pippa, with her song; and, with masterful insight into the ebb and flood of sensual passion, Browning makes Sebald shudder back from his 'Great White Queen' not only with a bitter scorn of disillusionment, a moral waking, but with a sickening physical revulsion too. 'Go, get your clothes on. Wipe off that paint. I hate you. My God, and she is emptied of it now! The very hair that seemed to have a sort of life in it, drops a dead web.' Pitifulest of all, perhaps, is Ottima's cry from the outer dark: 'Speak *to* me, not *of* me.'

The 'Dramatic Mirror,' which is professionally conservative, says: 'There are moments in the play when dramatic intensity is carried to a point reached nowhere else on the English stage outside of Shakespeare.' This is high praise, for it is evident that the poet's medium limited him to the embodiment of isolated dramatic situations rather than a unified dramatic movement. Note the splendid dramatic insight witnessed to by the horror at the infinitesimal span between moral victory and defeat that thrills through the Bishop's frightened call: 'My people, my people', and his terrified 'Miserere me, Domini, miserere me, Domini,' as with trembling fingers he makes and remakes the sacred cross. Though, it must be confessed, not seeing why he should be likely to yield, we cannot feel the dramatic power of the terrified recovery.

Evidently Pippa is not so undramatic as some have said. But what did hurt, was its realism that cloyed our fancy with the sordid. Pippa

wakes in a dingy room, in an undainty bed, and—shades of poetry!—climbs into some unattractive underclothes. Once dressed she is sweet enough—but those rumpled underclothes!—In the poem she talks and sings as she dresses, and we hear her song; on the stage she sings and dresses and we see her dressing. It is a squalid room and there is a brutal reality about the dressing, from nightgown to corsage, This, alas, is not the Pippa whom we knew. We all wear underclothes in real life, but even there we don't admit it. Convention, after all, is the foundation of the stage, the fabric of poetry, the life-blood of imagination, as well as about three fourths of reality. Pippa waking out of the dim dawn into the glorious sunshine of her holiday, transmuting her squalid life with the vision of a divine truth, playing the voice of God to a struggling world—this Pippa is no mere peasant girl of Asolo, but some fairy being, flitting like a dash of sunshine across men's lives. The sordid reality which must be represented on the stage cuts at the very roots of our impressions; the truth is not less true because it must have beauty to enforce it. In the poem we see the girl of the spinning mills, *and* the being instinct with divine truth; on the stage we see the peasant; the spiritual element is only implied, not presented, and we lose the key to the whole secret—so much for your realism.

Was it all worth while? Undoubtedly! Beyond the mere pleasure there was illumination of the author's work. We must realize, as we could not before, the expressional richness of Browning's work, the dramatic flashes that lay bare the soul, the insight with which the hurrying moods of thought rise from the action and resolve themselves into action again, the masterful comprehension of the elemental forces that dominate life. The perception of the dramatic possibilities of thought and the minor activities that interpret thought is marvellous, unexampled; the inability to construct a plot with unity and a genuinely outer not merely inner career, that really inheres in the action, is monumental. 'Pippa Passes' is a splendid dramatic poem; it is not a drama.

CURRENT FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS

By Curtis Hidden Page

MISTRAL, the veteran poet of La Provence, has given us the most charming and I think the most poetic book of the year 1906, in *Mes Origines: Mémoires et Récits de Frédéric Mistral.* The book holds a similar place in the French literary history of the year to that of Mr. George Moore's *Memories of My Dead Life* in England; and serves as a very striking illustration of the fact that they still "do those things better in France." Some of its "récits" are examples of delicate poetic narrative with which Mr. Moore's "Lovers of Orelay" cannot for a moment be compared, and which are worthy to stand beside the most exquisite and brilliant short stories of Mistral's life-long friend, Daudet—there is no higher praise possible. In the personal part of the *Mémoires,* Mistral's lightness of touch, his cheeriness and health, contrast strongly with Mr. Moore's heavy gloom.

Mistral is now seventy-six years old, but he seems to have lost nothing of the spirit and freshness of youth, and tells the story of his early days, and of the "Young Provençal" movement, with its company of enthusiastic devotees—that new *Pléiade* which grouped itself around Mistral as its central star, just three hundred years after Du Bellay and his friends had gathered about Ronsard to enlighten the France of the Renaissance—with irresistible *verve.* Yet this charming book, telling as it does the story of an important poetic movement of which its author was himself the leader, is one of the most modest of autobiographies. This is its only fault— it is modest to the point of incompleteness; and those who wish really to know the role which Mistral played in the development of the new Provençal poetry must turn either to the excellent volume on Mistral, published in America a few years ago by Mr. Charles A. Downer, or to the forthcoming volume, in French, by Paul Mariéton. Nothing, however, can take the place of Mistral's own story, incomplete as it is, and bringing us down only to the year 1869. Certain chapters should have a permanent place in literature as exquisite lyrics of childhood; others give pictures of the trials of the school-life to an over-sensitive boy, somewhat similar to those of Daudet's *Le Petit Chose;* others give

a picture of Daudet himself, as a happy young vagabond, overflowing with life, and the gayest of the madcap band of young poets who tramped the roads of Provence together, and took by storm one after another the best inns from Arles to Tarascon.

The poetry of the year 1906 in France has not been, so far as it now seems possible to judge, of very marked importance. The symbolist school has long since ceased to be a literary *cénacle* of young men grouped together in pursuit of a common ideal. Each of its members has gone his own way, and several of them have been producing, each on his own line, work of permanent value. But no one of them has produced a mass of poetic work that is really of the first importance. This marks the partial failure of the school—it has not produced individual poets who by the strength of their personality and the mass of their achievement are worthy to stand beside Leconte de Lisle or Sully Prudhomme, or who have attained the final artistic perfection of Hérédia. This is the greater pity because on the whole the symbolists were right in their reaction against the narrowness, the over-severity, and the somewhat artificial finish of the Parnassian school; and they did introduce new and worthy ideals into French poetry—ideals of greater freedom and suppleness of form, of more breadth and suggestiveness in substance. Several of the poets of the group have published new volumes during the past year. Not to speak of the Belgians, who gave to the school its strongest poet, in Verhaeren, and in Maeterlinck its greatest prose-writer and its only original dramatist, in France it is Henri de Régnier who continues to sum up in himself, more than any other poet, the best tendencies of the school; he has given us in 1906 a new volume of poems, *La Sandale ailée;* and a prose volume, *Sujets et Paysages,* containing sketches of subjects so different as Italy and Louisiana, together with essays on Stendhal, Mallarmé, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Victor Hugo. Younger poets seem to follow rather the methods and ideals of some one among the symbolists than those of the group as a whole; the Comtesse de Noailles is almost a personal disciple of Francis Jammes, and Alexandre Arnoux of Henri de Régnier. Among the young poets who are just winning their spurs may be mentioned Emile Despax, author of *La Maison des Glycines;* Francois Porché, author of *A Chaque Jour* and *Les Suppliants;* Abel Bonnard, author of *Les Familiers;* and Léo Larguier. The last of these is perhaps the most promising. He has just published his second volume, *Les Isolements.* It is noteworthy that most of the younger poets have abandoned the *vers libre* and returned to the more usual forms of French versification. André Spire, however, writes in unrhymed and strongly rhythmic verse. In *Les Isolements,* one of the most beautiful poems is that addressed to Pierre de Ronsard. Ronsard

and the Pléiade seem not only to be more and more recognized as marking one of the greatest epochs in French literary history, but also to appeal more and more to the enthusiasm of the poets of today. The most beautiful lines in another volume of verse just published, *Le Rhythme de la Vie* (C Lévy), by Gaston Deschamps, the literary critic of *Le Temps,* are also addressed to Ronsard, and the most important section of the volume is devoted to Ronsard and the "dear dead women" of the Renaissance whom he loved—Cassandre, Marie, and Héléne. Beside this exquisite series of sonnets, called *Jardin d'Amour,* it is amusing to find another series called *Fleurs d'Amérique,* which celebrate the American athletic girl of today, and which, unfortunately—let us hope it is not on account of the subject—are flat and prosaic by contrast.

A surviving veteran of the Parnassian school, Jean Lahor (Henry Cazalis) has just published a small volume of brief sayings which sum up the attitude toward life of the brave pessimists of the mid-century—sayings taken mostly from Hindu literature, of which he has written the best history in French, but also including many modern ones, and called *Le Bréviaire d'un Panthéiste et le Pessimisme héroique.* The work of the Parnassian school has just been summed up in the first volume of a new anthology, *Anthologie des Poètes français contemporains, 1866-1906* (Delagrave), which is to be complete in three volumes, bringing us down to the present year. The first volume promises well. Starting with Gautier and Sainte-Beuve as predecessors of the Parnassian school, it includes sixty-nine poets (reminding one of Kipling's lines: "There are nine and sixty ways of composing tribal lays, And every single one of them is right") down to Verlaine, Rimbaud, Bouchor and Bourget. Leconte de Lisle has naturally the largest place, with Catulle Mendès (not quite so naturally) a close second; next come Sully Prudhomme and Verlaine. The volume has the almost inevitable fault of any general anthology; of the greater men, not enough can be given really to represent their work, and the minor poets take a disproportionate amount of space. For instance, of Leconte de Lisle none of the great poems are given, such as the "Vénus de Milo," the "Qaín," or "Dies Irae;" in fact, none of his poems dealing with the classical epoch, except "L'Enfance d'Hérakles", to which we should certainly prefer the "Vénus de Milo," or "Hypatie." "Surya," which is given, could well be omitted in favor of "Hypatie;" and certainly place should have been found for the fourteen lines of "Les Montreurs," and for at least one of the personal poems, such as "Le Nanchy." It is easy, however, to criticize the selections of such an anthology; it must necessarily be inadequate for the greater poets, but it is the best source through which to know the minor poets of

the epoch, and the two later volumes, still to appear, will be especially useful.

The definitive edition of Victor Hugo's works, now being printed at the Imprimerie Nationale, and published by Ollendorff, has reached its fifth volume—the first of *La Légende des Siècles*. Since the death of Paul Meurice, the editorship has been taken up by Gustave Simon. This is practically a "biographical edition," each work being fully annotated from Hugo's private papers and letters, and provided with an introduction treating of its origin and growth. The revelations of the last previous volume, *Le Rhin*, showing Hugo's rearrangement of facts to suit his artistic purposes, were remarkable, and serve anew to suggest that the effect of genius upon Victor Hugo's veracity was much the same as that of the southern sun upon Tartarin's.

The novelists most talked of in France today are three women—the Comtesse de Noailles, Gérard d'Houville, and Marcelle Tinayre. The Comtesse de Noailles is also well known as a poet, especially for her *Coeur Innombrable*. Marcel Prévost, who does not admit the superiority of women in the novel, assigns her the first rank in poetry. "France today," he says, "has no greater poet than the Comtesse de Noailles." This seems, to say the least, somewhat exaggerated. Those who wish to judge for themselves may find some examples of her work in a series of eleven important poems published by the last number of the *Révue de Paris* (December 15), and an example, also, of the way in which poetry is treated by the best French reviews, as contrasted with its treatment in our American magazines. Her most important novels are *La nouvelle Espérance, Le Visage émerveillé,* and *La Domination* (C. Lévy). Perhaps M. Prévost, in giving her the first rank as a poet, wishes to divert attention from her work in his own particular field, in which she is a formidable rival—the detailed analysis of women's emotions. Gérard d'Houville gives rather, in *L'Inconstante* and *L'Esclave,* pictures of the passionate woman entirely dominated by her love, stopping for no self-analysis, hesitating at no obstacle. Marcelle Tinayre is the most talented and the most serious of the three, and is fast coming to be regarded as one of the chief figures in contemporary French literature. Her third novel, *Hellé,* was crowned by the French Academy; in it she gives the picture of a young girl brought up as a thorough pagan, both in taste and principles, by her uncle and guardian, a Greek scholar, who despises the asceticism of mediæval Christianity and its legacies to modern life; of her momentary love for a young Parisian poet with ideas like her own; and of her final conquest by a strong and thoroughly modern man whose life is devoted to the cause of social reform. *L'Oiseau d'Orage,* published a year later, is the not uncommon story of a woman who, wearied and disillusioned

by the selfishness of her lover, goes back to her husband as her natural master and her refuge and safeguard. *La Maison du Péché* is perhaps Madame Tinayre's masterpiece. It is also of particular interest today as showing the contrast between liberalism and the old religious ideas in a typical French country town; and may be especially recommended to Americans who do not understand the conditions of the present struggle between church and state in France. But it is naturally her last novel, *La Rebelle,* who has aroused the most discussion, since it is a serious study of the modern woman, emancipated and self-supporting, and frankly in rebellion against the conventions of society.

Marcel Prévost is once more the author of the most successful novel of the year, from the point of view of sales. His *Monsieur et Madame Moloch,* pictures, for the French of today, modern Germany under the régime of militarism and commercial expansion, as contrasted with what he calls the former and truer Germany of reverie and poetry and analysis. After running as a serial in the *Revue des deux Mondes* it was published a little more than a month ago in book form, and has already passed its sixty-fifth edition. Loti's novel of the year, *Les Désenchantées: Roman d'Harem Turc contemporain,* was also first published as a serial in the *Revue des deux Mondes,* but it was hardly worthy of that distinction. In it Loti returns to the scene of his early triumph, *Aziyadé*, and his later *Phantôme d'Orient*, but the vein is rather worked out, and the vulgarity of the substance is no longer so well concealed by the exotic "atmosphere" which Loti sheds so thickly over his paintings. Other novels of the year are *L'Incendie,* by Édouard Rod, *Les Aventures du Roi Pausole* by Pierre Louys, and a collection of *Nouvelles* by Paul and Victor Margueritte, entitled *Sur le Vif.* There have also been published translations of Du Maurier's *Trilby;* of *The Jungle,* under the attractive title *Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago;* and of a volume of Dr. Van Dyke's Canadian stories. A curious echo from the past is the publication of a new novel by Henry Céard, *Terrains à Vendre au Bord de la Mer* (Fasquelle). Céard was one of the group of young men who, with Zola, published the once famous *Soirées de Médan* in 1880, to which Zola contributed his *Attaque du Moulin,* and Maupassant his first masterpiece, *Boule de Suif.* The humorous incredulity with which the public and critics have greeted the idea that a member of the school could still be alive, and writing in the same manner, shows how completely that school is a thing of the past.

The drama is once more, after the temporary domination of the novel, recognized as the chief form of literature in France. Unfortunately, however, the present season has not as yet produced any important work which seems worth analysing as an example of contemporary drama. The first new play given at the Théâtre Français this fall was Paul Adam's *Les*

Mouettes, a problem play which had little success. Henri Bataille's *Poliche,* a comedy in four acts, produced at the same theatre in December, was almost a complete failure. The sensation of the season, thus far, is Antoine's production of *Julius Caesar* at the Odéon, of which he is now director. The best poetic play of the past year was perhaps Catulle Mendès' *Glatigny*, given at the Odéon in March. In it the veteran poet of the Parnassian school, who has since been the polygraph of all schools, has used the life of a fellow-poet of the *Parnasse,* who died soon after his first partial successes, as the basis of a play in which he has attempted to repeat the triumph of Cyrano de Bergerac by somewhat the same methods which Rostand used. In fact the life of Glatigny, distinctly a minor poet, but a prince of vagabonds, a sort of Don Quixote or rather Capitaine Fracasse of the nineteenth century, tilting against the windmills of a scientific age, and repeatedly beaten in his battle with those new "prejudices," was not unlike that of Cyrano. Mendès, as his vivid book of reminiscences, *La Légende du Parnasse contemporain,* recently showed, is as full as ever of the spirit of youth and poetry, and this he has put into the play; especially into the first act; for unfortunately the mood is not quite sustained throughout, and Mendès' comedy has not the masterly construction and constantly renewed dramatic appeal of Rostand's. Mendès' description of the literary *brasseries* of Paris, about 1865, is not unworthy to stand beside Rostand's description of the *rotisserie des poètes* of Ragueneau:

Derrière les billards, et loin du rigodon,
Les nouveaux. Ceux qui font des sonnets. ça les mène
A ne dîner, très tard, que trois fois la semaine.
Des enfants presque. On dit: "C'est les Parnassiens!"
Drôle de nom. Ils sont très mal vus des anciens.
Pour leur barbe blondine et leurs fronts sans grisaille.
Villiers. Tous ses cheveux dans l'œil. Une broussaille
Du feu dessous. Est-il roi des Grecs? c'est le hic.
Hérédia ne vient jamais. Il est trop chic.
Comme on ferait tourner des tables, main crispée,
Tendus, ils font le rond ver Catulle ou Coppée.
Catulle, en porcelaine, a des airs belliqueux!
L'autre est plus doux. Des fois je m'assois avec eux;
Ils parlent de Hugo, d'Hamlet, de Rosalinde,
De l'amour, de la mort, de la Chine, de l'Inde,
De Leconte de Lisle et de l'Himalaya;
Ce que je bâille dans les bocks qu'on me paya!
Tout de même on sent bien qu'ils sont tout autre chose
Que des bourgeois qui font des affaires en prose.

Another poetic drama worth mentioning is the brief play in two acts by

Albert Samain, the most exquisite of the symbolists, whose premature death was a great loss to poetry. His *Polyphème* was performed in the ancient Roman theatre of Orange on the fifth of last August, with Albert Lambert fils in the title role, and achieved a triumph. It has now been published in a small volume by the *Mercure de France.*

Dramatic criticism and the history of the drama have been assiduously cultivated, as always in France, during the past year. Peladan's *Origine et Esthétique de la Tragédie* (E. Sansot) traces the history of the drama from the mysteries of Eleusis to modern times. The second volume of Lintilhac's *Histoire général du Thèâtre en France* has appeared, and deals with the history of comedy. The first volume dealt with the origin of drama, down to Corneille, and the third will take up the history of tragedy. The eighth and last volume of Sarcey's *Quarante Ans de Théâtre* (Bibliothèque des Annales) has now been published, and also the two posthumous volumes of Larroumet's *Études de Critique dramatique* (Hachette). Adolphe Brisson, who has succeeded Sarcey and Larroumet as the dramatic critic of *Le Temps,* has already begun to collect his *feuilletons* in *Le Théâtre et les Moeurs* (Flammarion); and Faguet, the critic of the *Journal des Débats,* continues the publication of his *Propos de Thèâtre,* (Société française d'imprimerie), now arrived at the third volume. Besides the two lives of Molière which have recently appeared in English, by Mr. Trollope in England and by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor in America, we have in French an excellent study by Henri Davignon, *Molière et la Vie.* It is a pleasure to be able to say that of these three works on Molière the American is unquestionably the best.

In the field of literary reminiscences, biography, and criticism, a large number of important books and articles have appeared during the year, which cannot here be taken up in detail. It must suffice to mention the most notable among them. Flaubert's *Lettres a sa Nièce Caroline* have been published by Fasquelle. They cover the years 1856 to 1880, but deal especially with the later years, during which he was composing *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet.* They show again his devotion to art, his care for the least turn of phrase, and the enormous effort which his writing cost him. The groanings and struggle with which he succeeded in finishing ten pages in the course of a month are described in detail in these letters. Some new letters of Alfred de Vigny, *Correspondance, de 1816 à 1863* have been published, but are not of especial interest. On the other hand the new book on Musset, *Alfred de Musset: Souvenirs de sa Gouvernante,* contains some letters which are masterpieces of epistolary charm. The book is a very curious one, and adds a good deal to our knowledge of Musset's later life. We have also, this year, Ernest Renan's *Cahiers de Jeunesse, 1845-1846;* and there have been published in America

the letters of Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant (New York, Putnam's).

The most interesting volume of correspondence of the year, however, is that of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse with the Comte de Guibert, published by the Comte de Villeneuve-Guibert, the great-grandson of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's too favored lover. We had previously had the *Lettres de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse,* first published in 1809, and the *Nouvelles Lettres,* 1820, as well as *Le Tombeau de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse,* a rare volume of which a few copies only were published in 1879 by the Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix); but the *Corréspondance* is now published for the first time in full and correctly, from the autograph copies of the original letters; and the interest of the book is greatly increased by the addition of a large number of unpublished letters of Guibert. There has also appeared an important volume by the Marquis de Ségur, entitled *Julie de Lespinasse.* M. de Ségur has by a thorough study of unpublished documents, family papers, and letters and journals of several of her contemporaries, discovered many new facts about Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; among others that she was the daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon and of Gaspard de Vichy, who later married the legitimate daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon, and so became the brother-in-law of his illegitimate child, Julie. Her father's sister, Madame du Deffand, whose salon had long been a centre of intellectual life in Paris, received Julie there, but soon grew jealous of the intelligence and charm which made her niece the centre of that salon's renewed life and attraction. When the inevitable rupture came, and Julie established a salon of her own, many of the Marquise's old friends, including D'Alembert himself, abandoned her to follow Julie. The story of D'Alembert's devoted friendship, a platonic passion that lasted sixteen years, until his death, is well known. In the meantime, there had come into the life of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse that passion of another kind for Guibert, the soldier and man of the world, whose character was anything but romantic, of which these letters are the memorial. They are also a reminder of the literary moods of the time, and one of the most striking examples of the influence of literature upon life. "You will think me mad," writes Julie, "but read one of Clarissa's letters, or a page of Jean Jacques, and I am sure you will understand me. Not that I claim to speak their language; but I live in their country, and my heart beats in unison with the sorrows of Clarissa." Fortunately, she does *not* "speak their language." Her letters are simple and genuine, and are the most touching and passionate expression of woman's love that has ever, perhaps, found its way into print.

In the field of biography, the most important book of the year is Lanson's *Voltaire*, just published by Hachette, in the "Grands Écrivains"

series. It was a difficult task to condense, within the limits of such a brief biography, as this series allows, a well-balanced account of the life and work of the chief Frenchman of letters. But Professor Lanson has succeeded. His treatment is of course sympathetic, and his marshalling of facts and ideas is masterly. A life of Lamartine by Réné Doumic is to be published in this same series early in the coming year. The volume on Balzac by Brunetière—*Honoré de Balzac, 1799-1850* (C. Lévy)—stands next in importance, but it must be admitted that it is in some ways unsatisfactory, especially in that it dissociates Balzac's work so completely from his life, and even from his epoch, the period of Romanticism, which Brunetière calls "l'école de l'ignorance et de la présomption." On the other hand, Brunetière's analysis of the *Comédie humaine* is masterly, and he well brings out, though perhaps he somewhat exaggerates, the influence of Balzac upon life itself and upon the period of literature which was to follow. "La Comédie humaine," he says, "a transformé les moeurs, avant de renouveler le théâtre, le roman, et l'histoire." Two interesting works on important authors of the romantic school have been published by Léon Séché: *Alfred de Musset,* in two volumes; and *Lamartine de 1816 à 1830: Elvire et les Méditations.* These are not exactly biographies, and can perhaps be best designated as scholarly gossip. Another book, this time a definitive biography and a sympathetic appreciation, by Gauthier Ferrières, deals with the too little known romanticist, Gérard de Nerval. Finally, there have appeared an important work on the chief of the Parnassians, by Marius Leblond: *Leconte de Lisle, d'après des documents nouveaux;* and two books which together give a complete treatment of Maupassant's life: *La Vie et l'oeuvre de Guy de Maupassant,* by Édouard Maynial (Mercure de France), and *La Maladie et la mort de Maupassant,* by Louis Thomas (Herbert, Bruges).

In the field of literary history the most important books which have been published during the past year do not, as it happens, deal with modern French literature. One is an excellent history of Italian literature, in the Hachette Series. Another is a monumental volume on *La Révolution française et les poètes anglais* (Hachette), by Charles Cestre, formerly a student and instructor at Harvard, and now at the University of Lyons. He prints on the title page his Harvard degree of A. M.—perhaps the first time that an American university has received such mention on the title page of a French book. The work serves to illustrate anew how much broader is the scholarship which leads to the Doctorat ès Lettres in France than that which the German or American Ph. D. represents. Covering with absolute thoroughness an important modern period and a living body of ideas, this thesis is, as the doctorate theses of Germany and America very rarely are, a real book of permanent value and of general

interest. Another important work of French scholarship is the new and enlarged edition of the late Gaston Paris' *Esquisse historique de la littérature française du moyen age,* which now brings the story of French literature down to the end of the fifteenth century. On the sixteenth century we have a new book by Zangroniz: *Montaigne, Amyot, Saliat.*

In the field of criticism and essays, we have two new volumes by Henri Bordeaux: *Paysages romanesques,* dealing with Heine, Goethe, Victor Hugo, and others; and *Pélerinages littéraires,* dealing with Barrès, Loti, Sainte-Beuve, Daudet, Faguet, etc. Faguet, besides his dramatic criticism, has given us one volume of controversial essays, *L'Anticléricalisme,* and one of literary gossip, *Amours d'hommes de lettres.* The second of these is a collection of essays published from time to time in reviewing the memoirs and collections of letters of which so many have appeared in the last few years, and deals with Georges Sand, Alfred de Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Mirabeau, Pascal, and others. A charming book of essays, *Le Réveil de Pallas* (E. Sansot), is, I think, the first book of a young critic, Pierre Fons. The last book of an older critic, the master of his generation, is Brunetière's *Questions actuelles.* Brunetière died on the ninth of December, after an illness of two years, during which he kept persistently at his work up to the last moment, editing himself the last number (December 15) of the *Revue des deux mondes,* of which he had been for thirteen years the editor and for thirty years a contributor.

THE BOY HOOD OF KEATS

By Agnes Lee

Bound to the gods whom every orb enrings,
And passionate as mortal children are,
He paced with golden footsteps of a star,
Lnheeded yet of the world's garlanding.
Science drew near and uttered fateful things.
Traffic rushed by upon its sounding car.
Ever he heard the Muse that from afar
Besought him in a secret song of wings.

Brother of beauty! Dreamer of an art
That was to limn Hyperion! Boy sublime!
Our modern day is yearning back to thee,
And, with its heart aglow upon thy heart,
Feels the warm recentness of Milton's time,
And Shakespeare, closer by a century!

RECENT GERMAN POETRY AND DRAMA

By Amelia Von Ende

FOR a living author a complete edition of his works means a landmark in his career indicating the attainment of majority. This point having been recently reached by Gerhart Hauptmann, Detlev von Liliencron and Richard Dehmel, it is meet to look back upon the period they represent and to take note of its achievements and its failures. For although Liliencron never directly took part in the *Revolution der Literatur* proclaimed by Karl Bleibtreu, he, like the other two, is a product of the storm and stress of literary production following Nietzsche's revaluation of values and deeply influenced by the scientific investigations of the time.

The paramount issue of the campaign waged against the old ideals and old methods by the young generation of the last two decades has been the establishment of a close relation between literature and life, which logically implied a new manner of presenting its problems. It needs but a glance at the literature of the periods to prove that this new manner, the naturalism no longer new to the French, was soon essentially modified and in time more thoroughly exploited and abused by German writers than its French originators had dreamed of. With their fondness for scientific speculation the wildest psychopathic hypothesis launched by a modern scientist was not exempt from being treated in poetry, drama and fiction, and, what is worse, from being made the pivotal point of criticism. Much that is unsatisfactory in recent German letters is due to a one-sided adherence to this scientific viewpoint and a supreme disregard of conventional ethics and æsthetical effects. There are passages in the earlier plays of Hauptmann and there are poems in the early books of Liliencron and Dehmel which owed their existence directly to the partizan attitude of their generation in the literary struggle for truth. Now that the works of Hauptmann are to appear in six volumes and those of Dehmel in ten (S. Fischer, Berlin), while those of Liliencron are already collected in fourteen volumes (Schuster and Lœffler, Berlin), it will be possible to survey the achievement of these men as a whole and to assign to them the places they are likely to occupy in the literature of modern Germany.

Hauptmann, as he appears to us to-day, after twenty years of a remarkable literary career, is a figure bearing the mark of his time, expressing even in the deep lines of his face the tragedy of a conflict, of which he is the living incarnation. Whether he is conscious of the fact or not, that a period of transition is likely to produce an art, which, be it ever so perfect, is doomed to be of transient meaning only—the struggle of his individual creative will against some uncontrollable power without has certainly become more and more apparent with every new work. *"Und Pippa tanzt"* has some wonderful poetic possibilities and not a few passages, in which these have been realized to the full extent. But viewed as a whole the play is a chaos, which seems untouched by the breath of a creator. Potentially, it holds all that a great poet might pour into a work to-day; but it is all undelivered and unrelieved. It is a serious task consistently to work out one great motive and give it perfect poetic expression. But it is an impossible undertaking to crowd into the compass of a single work a variety of vital motives like evolution, socialism, reincarnation, monism and others, without blurring the outlines and destroying the unity of the composition. To this variety of motives and to an over-scruplous attention to detail is due much of the obscurity which mars the work. The desire to say something on every timely topic within the limits of a literary work which is supposed to survive the passing interests of the day, is very curious, and has been the cause of the defection of Gustav Frenssen, whose novels suffer from being overstocked with ideas. Why Hauptmann should fail to eliminate superfluous motives and details in order to preserve the large lines, the great lights and the deep shadows of his canvas, is difficult of comprehension.

There are not a few voices in Germany to-day that openly declare him a victim of capitalism. When the commercialism which is the bane of American literature is discussed, it is customary to look upon Europe as the home of art, free from considerations of commercial value. We are as familiar with conditions abroad as we are with our own deplorable state of affairs, we might find a little consolation in the fact that the world is just about the same everywhere. Hauptmann's gradual decline since his first great successes is the subject of much concern among his admirers and his career is beginning to be looked upon as the great artist tragedy of modern German letters. Yet at core it is an old tragedy, this futile struggle of an artist's idealism against the pressing realities of daily life. Were Hauptmann economically as independent as he is not, it is unthinkable, that he should be contented with giving to the public a work, showing such unmistakable evidence of haste. Over-rapid production forced upon him by manager's contracts may in a large measure be responsible for his recent failures.

It is fortunate, that lyric poetry, at least, has no commercial value and cannot become the object of speculation. Individually it is of course to be regretted and no one has had more cause to do so than Detlev von Liliencron, whose finances only a few years ago repeatedly engaged the attention of his friends. But in the fourteen books produced during that period of poverty there is not the slightest suggestion of bitterness. The sanguine temperament of the poet and his sane acceptance of life, unbiased by any philosophical theory, have given his poems a charm of health and of soundness throughout, quite rare in the writings of the modern Germans. Richard Dehmel, more abstractly intellectual and more intensely passionate than his friend, does not present in his poetry quite so bright an image of life; although as he passed through the crucible of the modern school he has shed some of the morbid growths which disfigured his early work, he is still an individuality reflecting strongly the spiritual conflicts which have been convulsing the young generation in Germany, that had grown up within the radius of the great iconoclast, Nietzsche.

Among the new volumes of poetry recently published, that by Paul Remer deserves notice: *In golden Fuelle* (Schuster and Lœffler, Berlin). Remer's source is the folksong; in that school he has learned to find beauty in simplicity, and to clothe simple sentiments in the simplest terms possible. This has given his verse a conciseness and concentration rarely to be found among the stylists and the craftsmen, whose juggling with words is meant to create the illusion of sentiment and thought. He is discreet and refined, and has an exquisite sense of poetic values. It is curious to observe, how widely artistic individualities, springing from the same source, differentiate in their further development. Carl Spitteler's *Glockenlieder* (Eugen Diederics, Jena) also are rooted in the folksong; but Spitteler's poetry is the vehicle of his nature thoughts, his philosophy, and to give expression to his ideas, he sometimes capriciously disregards form, while in other instances his simplicity strikes the reader as artificial. But there is a peculiar charm about the verse of this man, who has an almost Whitmanesque eye for the mysteries of the cosmos and with marvelous plasticity moulds into visible images the fleeting fancies of his imagination.

The name of Fritz Lienhard stands for a moment in the literature of modern Germany, which is the logical artistic product of the new nationalism: *Heimatskunst.* It is an art rooted deeply in the native soil, and easily degenerating into provincialism. Lienhard has been an active champion for this new art, of which the novels of Gustav Frenssen are a good example. In his *Gedichte* (Greiner and Pfeifer, Stuttgart) there is an occasional predominance of a local note, but the general impression is that of a poetry, attempting more than it can express. The book is more ethical than artistic in its essence; it is full of noble ethical ideas

sometimes perfectly worded, at other times rather awkwardly expressed. Lienhard is a man whose creative imagination falls behind his intellectual inspiration. He lacks the economic sense of the true artist and spreads before the reader a moving panorama of many pictures, in which one impression effaces and neutralizes the other. His originality is often far-fetched, his language stilted, but the personality behind the book has great and noble traits, and wherever he is contented with a simple thought simply told, his verse has a rare charm.

Ernst Knodt, the author of *Ein Ton vom Tode und ein Lied vom Leben* (Giessen, Emil Roth) does not deny in his verse that he was once struggling with the dogmas and the systems of theology. The former clergyman is still given to serious reflection and lacks the gift of direct suggestion. His is the personality of a dreamer and a fighter, and the contrast between the two is not always harmoniously attuned in the voice of the poet. But the sentiment is genuine, there is a strong personal note, and an occasional dash and passionate swing, which compensate for passages, in which the poet's desire for simplicity tempts him to admit into serious verse phrases of an almost commonplace prose. A newcomer, who has been very warmly received, is Kranz Karl Ginzkey, whose volume of verse *Das heimliche Laeuten* (L Staackmann, Leipzig) shows a distinct, though not a modern physiognomy. Ginzkey's poetry reaches back to the masters of the Swabian school, with whom he shares simplicity and purity of sentiment and a remarkable mastery of the form. He chooses strong, clearly defined motives and has the gift of moulding them into poems with a distinct physiognomy. There is a charming spontaneity in this first book.

Of the women whose poetical products have recently been published, Irene Forbes-Mosse is one who has for some years been watched with interest. A direct descendant of the Arnims who have been identified with the romantic school of Germany a hundred years ago, the romanticism of her ancestors is still in her blood and her brain. In her new book *Das Rosenthor* (Leipzig, Insel-Verlag) she gives new evidences of her marvelous gift of welding an experience into a rhythmic word-image. Her verse has distinction of style and is full of charming word-music. But the keynote of her poetry is a sad, sweet resignation. Hedda Sauer is also a poet of the romantic past, but her romanticism admits a hopeful to-morrow. In her book *Wenn es rote Rosen schneit* (Prag, Bellman) she shows the tendency to turn into an object of art every experience of life; she recognizes the beauty of suffering. Her romanticism springs from an intense desire for a beauty which has no trace in it of a commonplace workaday atmosphere; but her longing does not waste itself in futile plaint, but hopefully looks towards the future. Another writer whose

name is familiar to the critics is that of Else Lasker Schueler, a Jewess by birth, whose poetry is full of a strange mysticism, reveling in primitive cosmic feelings, yet clarified and controlled by a strong will and a cool reason. There is much fanciful orientalism in her images, but they are symbols of vital ideas. Altogether she is the most remarkable individuality of the three, and her book *Der siebente Tag* (Charlottenburg, Verein fur Kunst) stands quite apart from other poetical productions of the past months.

In a period of vulgar smartness and cheap commercialization, it is enjoyable to meet a personality of the aristocratic reserve and the artistic refinement of Stefan George. Inspired with the sanctity of the artist's mission, as perhaps no other poet in modern Germany, he has for about fifteen years with admirable disregard of popularity, fame and material profit upheld the cause of *l'art pour l'art* in an exquisite magazine of his own, privately circulated among a few contributors of congenial individuality. Silently resenting the curiosity of the uncalled and uninitiated, he has worked entirely apart from the crowd, caring not for timely tendencies and tastes. But his seriousness of purpose and almost solemn devotion to the work could not long remain unnoticed and although there were some critics who ridiculed what they called his "preciosity" and dwelt with delight upon his mannerisms of orthography and punctuation; the rare delicacy of his imagery and the distinction of his language are undeniable and have few parallels among the poets of the generation. Such exquisite wordcraft as his does not lend itself easily to a foreign idiom; but the following lines in praise of the power of poetical inspiration may convey some idea of the art of Stefan George:

'Es sanken Haupt und Hand der mueden Werker,
Der Stoff war ungefuege, sproed und kalt...
Da—ohne Wunsch und Ziechen—bricht im Kerker
Ein Streif wie schieres Silber durch den Spalt.

Es hebt sich leicht, was eben dumpf und bleiern,
Es blinkt gel æutert, was dem Staub gezollt...
Ein bræutliches, beginnliches Entschleiern...
Nun spricht der Ewige: ich will! Ihr sollt!'

(The worker's hand and head sank wearily,
For brittle was the metal, hard and cold' . . .
When—unforeseen and unforetold—a ray
Of silver through the prison window broke.

And light became what leaden dull had been,
And brightly gleamed what had been decked with dust
And as a bride unveiling stood revealed.
The voice eternal spoke: I will! Thou shalt!)'

The latest work by Stefan George is a volume of translations of unusual merit. *Zeitgenoessi sche Dichter* (George Bondi, Berlin), in which are represented among others Rossetti, Swinburne, Dowson, Verlaine, Verhaeren, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Regnier and D'Annunzio.

A number of anthologies remain to be mentioned, which owe their inception to the *Heimatskunst*. Foremost among them is the *Muenchener Almanach* (Muenchen, R. Piper & Co), which presents specimens of the poetical work of writers resident in and about Munich, among them Wilhelm von Scholz, the poet-painter, Leo Greiner, Emanuel von Bodmann, Georg Fuchs and others. The *Ost-Preussische Dichterbuch* (Carl Reissner, Dresden) contains poems by Arno Holz, George Reicke, A. K. T. Tielo, Marie Madeleine and among others one new-comer of promise, Walther Heymann. The *Braunschweiger Dichterbuch* (Georg Westermann, Braunschweig) has one name bound to attract attention, that of Ricarda Huch, but the Sturmlied, with which she is represented, is hardly characteristic of her strong poetic individuality. Albert Geiger, himself a poet, of considerable talent, is the editor of the *Badische Dichter* (Karlsruhe, G. Braun) which covers the whole history of poetry in that province and is compiled with great care and discrimination. It is doubtful, however, whether the true cause of art is being materially helped by these collections of poems, meant to represent and to perpetuate provincial traits in literature.

The quality of dramatic production has been rather inferior during the past months. Most of the men whose dramatic achievements some years ago made their names known beyond the German border, seem to be unable to equal their early successes. The causes underlying the recent failures of Sudermann and Hauptmann are almost too complicated to be intelligible to the outsider; but Sudermann and Hauptmann are not the only playwrights of modern Germany whose work is strangely uneven. Arthur Schnitzler whose work is always looked forward to with no little expectation, has repeatedly disappointed his admirers with his recent plays. But a charming burlesque in one act, played in Vienna some months ago has redeemed his reputation as a dramatic poet of great constructive power and a master of brilliantly sparkling dialogue. *'Zum grossen Wurstl'* is a bit of comedy of profound and admirably sustained symbolism. The scene is the Wurstlprater of Vienna, a jolly crowd following with intense interest the marionette-play on the little stage. The characters of this play

are characters from the poet's dramas; the poet himself is represented as nervously pacing about and arguing with the stage manager. The critics, too, join in the performance, all is life and animation, when suddenly a stranger in a black cloak appears, sword in hand, and proceeds to cut the wires of the figures. One by one they topple over, until actors and audience lie lifeless on the stage and the curtain falls. A grotesque idea charmingly expressed: the author has felt the humor of life's tragedy and conveys to us the lesson that our life is but a play and we the marionettes.

The dramatic work of the Austrians is characterized by a stronger grasp and a more direct reflection of real life than that of the writers of Germany, whose imagination seems to be hampered by what they know rather than what they feel. A new comer who has aroused considerable interest is Hans Mueller. His volume of one-act plays, *Das staerkere Leben* (Egon Fleischel & Co, Berlin) is a remarkable achievement. *Brand der Eitelkeiten* is a dramatic poem with Savonarola as the hero. He has ordered the destruction of all vanities, when he himself falls a victim to the temptation of woman, the greatest of all vanities, and is betrayed by her. But compared with the greatness of his mission a personal lie is trifling. He denies her charge and Elena is burned by the people on the pyre built for the vanities. This is the end of the play in the book; but in the performance at Bruenn which preceded the publication of the book, Savonarola confessed his guilt, Elena was not burned and the people turned away from the false prophet. The language of the play is dignified and inspired, the idea consistently carried through to the end, which is a victory of the stronger life over the designs of the mortal will.

The Flowers of Death is another noteworthy creation. The former wife of an artist is dying of a wasting illness. Ten years ago the husband's development seemed arrested; determined to rouse his creative energies by a desperate effort, she had feigned infidelity and had been divorced by him. She had not known a day of health since their separation, but he had reached the goal of her ambition, had become famous. Now he comes to bring her flowers, meant to grace the coffin; he meets his supposed rival and learns the facts. Tortured with grief at having wronged her, he rushes into her room; a moment of suspense for the other man—then the physician emerges, a cry is heard inside, and the supposed rival learns, that there is a possibility of saving her life, now that the reconciliation has taken place. *Troubadour* deals with the erotic vagaries of a professor's young wife; no complicated character like Hedda Gabler, but simply a frivolous little flirt, infatuated with the anonymous participant in a prize contest, whose lyrics strike her as being the direct effusions of a passionate yearning youth. Her husband favors the prose

treatise of a misogynist, but persuades the committee to divide the prize between the two, who in his absence come to the house to learn the decision. Then the young woman learns, that "troubadour" is the father of ten children and rapidly transfers her infatuation to the misogynist, who is a charming fellow. The technique reminds very much of French models, but the dialogue is sprightly. *Die Stunde* is the story of an escape planned by Napoleon while at Longwood and frustrated by the daughter of the governor. It is the weakest of the four plays, being unconvincing in the delineation of the characters, with the exception of that of Napoleon. But there is a strong individual note to all the plays, a temperamental note easily recognized as typically Austrian.

Another Austrian is Alfred Gold, whose *Ausklang* (Bruno Cassirer, Berlin) is a family tragedy, quiet and subdued in tone, discreet in the treatment of a problem, reminding remotely of that of 'John Gabriel Borkmann.' For here, too, a man commits the one unpardonable sin, kills love-life in a woman. Her unsatisfied desire for happiness reappears potentially raised in the son; when he receives the full measure of the father's tyranny, she plans to leave the husband with the youth, but learns that his heart belongs to another woman and finally both renounce. The charm of his play is in its reserve force; little is done or said, but much is suggested. Marie Eugenie delle Grazie's three-act play *Ver sacrum* (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Haertel), also depends for its effect more upon the impression made by the characters, which are finely delineated and upon the truly poetic atmosphere, than upon real action and dramatic construction.

Frank Wedekind is temperamentally more closely related to the Austrians than to the Germans. A unique figure among the writers of young Germany, with whom he shares an almost exclusive devotion to erotic problems, he has been called by Georg Brandes the Mephistopheles of German letters. He has a strong sense of humor, more grotesque than genial, and has a trick of treating serious problems with a supreme disregard for consistency of character, logical sequence of action and natural sentiment. During his active participation in the enterprise of Ernst von Wolzogen, the Ueberbrettl, Wedekind acquired the habit of doing literary stunts and in his latest work *Todtentanz* (Albert Langen, Munich) proves that he is bound to be orginal and startling at the expense of good sense and taste. With this purely personal aim ever in his mind, his attempts at preaching reforms through the vehicle of his plays, remain unconvincing; for his pictures of life are caricatures, and his portraits are gargoyles.

Among the writers who ten years ago promised to become leaders in the German drama, Georg Hirschfeld was one of the most signally

successful. But since his remarkable debut with the *Muetter* he has experienced nothing but failures. The reason why his *Spaetfruehling* fell short of the expectations the author and his friends had cherished, was not far to seek. The reconciliation of a divorced couple is not a problem of pure pathos; it has a strong element of humor. This a Frenchman or one of our modern Celts might have been able to bring forward; but Hirschfeld's touch is not light enough; he is burdened too much with the atmosphere of the sanitarium, which is the scene of the play—in itself an unfortunate choice. This impairs the vitality of his characters and paralyzes the flight of his humor. The play was a comedy only in name.

Max Halbe is another member of the group that failed to fulfill the promise of his youth. After *Jugend* and *Mutter Erde* he has failed again and again, and his latest effort, *Die Insel der Seligen,* is no exception. To the initiated reader this satire upon the Neue Gemeinschaft, which some years ago in a suburb of Berlin harbored many a budding young genius of Germany dissatisfied with life on conventional lines, is not only in bad taste, but becomes thoroughly unpleasant reading through its note of personal amimosity. To the uninitiated the travesty is unintelligible. Hence the play entirely fails to fulfill its purpose both as drama and as satire. Thomas Mann, by many critics looked upon as the master of the modern German novel, has turned from the bourgeois milieu of a Hanseatic town which he so graphically pictured in the Buddenbrocks, to sensuous Florence in the time of Lorenzo. Savonarola is the hero and the heroine Fiore symbolizes the gay city. Fiore had in her youth rejected Savonarola and become the mistress of Lorenzo. This turned to hatred the sorrow of the former and made him identify woman with the vanities of the world. Had the author been satisfied with dramatizing the human story, he might have achieved a genuine success, but the allegory which he wove about the dramatic plot weakened its effect.

An interesting feature of recent German drama is the part played by the educator. Otto Ernst's *Flachsmann als Erzisher* has been followed by several plays, in which the hero is a teacher and the plot treats the problems, how he can reconcile his high mission in society with existing economic and religious conditions. A recent addition to his group of works is Wilhelm Holzamer's drama in three acts *Um die Zukunft* (Egon Fleischel & Co, Berlin), recently performed in Leipzig. This play by a critic and poet of refined taste is well constructed, yet remarkably free from all theatrical tendencies, and its effect is due solely to its poetical quality. It is especially remarkable for the strong portrayal of the characters and barring a too pronounced Tendenz is a remarkable performance.

Another young dramatist whose development is watched with genuine interest is Johannes Wiegand. He has a virile grasp of his subjects and a strong gift of characterization. A powerful one-act drama, *The Last Trip,* was performed some years ago by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and followed by a performance of a three-act drama *The Conqueror,* in which Catherine of Russia was an important figure. The author has since achieved success with *Das Juengste Gericht,* a play founded upon a catastrophe which filled with terror the people of a small coast town in the year 1000. His handling of the psychology of a crowd, swayed with the fear of impending judgment, is admirable. The figure of the hermit, preaching trust in one's own nature and summoning the populace to establish a kingdom of true brotherhood, has imposing traits. The whole work has a strong poetic quality. The book is published by Georg Mueller, Muenchen.

A play founded upon the hackneyed story of Bluebeard was recently the occasion of a demonstration in the Lessing Theater of Berlin, which recalled the excited times of the Freie Buehne. *Ritter Blaubart* by Herbert Eulenberg (Egon Fleischel & Co, Berlin), is a mild attempt at treating the gruesome romantic tale as a pathological problem. But the means employed failed to convey the impression aimed at and even in the most dramatic scenes the audience was apparently unconvinced and unaffected. The enthusiastic applause of Arthur Schnitzler and Maximilian Harden made a sensation, but did not materially affect the dictum of the audience, which corresponds with that of the readers. The revised and modernized Bluebeard is no addition to dramatic literature likely to make its author famous.

CURRENT ITALIAN LITERATURE
FOGAZZARO

By Pietro Isola

FEW among foreign travelers have heard of Vicenza and fewer still have ever seen it. Today the eyes of all Italy are turned toward that Veneto-Lombard city, because it reflects the genius of a man who in company with three or four others represents the leadership of the literature of the 'Third Italy.' Almost any city of Italy may prove interesting by impressive beauty and picturesque location; by the imposing vestiges of remote civilizations; by the inheritance from the Middle-ages, or by the influence on modern life.

Vicenza is proud of her Antonio Fogazzaro—Vicenza, the little city modestly pointing to her milestones of progress; from the Roman bridges, spanning the rapid Bacchilione, to the mediæval tower of the Scaligers and the lofty palaces of Palladio, Scamozzi and Calderari. The impress of a remote age and the genius of the renaissance impart to Vicenza an air of refinement, peace and enjoyment of well earned leisure. Monte Berico towers over the city, eternal sentinel, crowning her with the verdure of grape-vines and olives and the sombre erect cypresses descend from the crest in undulating lines to the valley, where Vicenza lies amid silence and loveliness.

Among the distant moist, cool shadows of the hills an occasional glimpse reveals warm touches of color falling upon winding-stepped paths ascending to homes and villas where gardens multiply, rich in classic terraces and fountains, or unchecked in *baroque* exultations and gorgeous rivalry of color and form. It is among these suburban and pensile villas that Fogazzaro dwells, works, thinks and dreams.

His city life is limited to a few weeks during the inclement weather. His visits to Vicenza, however, are a daily occurrence for the discharge of his multifarious duties as citizen, as father and as an intellectual leader. This daily touch of the writer with the activities of others; with the *chiaro-oscuro* of life; the joys; and sorrows, weeping and laughing, constitute a wholesome nourishment for the man and the artist.

Moreover it is in these provincial cities, towns and villages that one finds yet undefiled the racial types, and in Fogazzaro's immediate neighbor-

hood one may yet enjoy the touch of Goldonian figures. In the small town one is held more firmly within its general life, the incidents of life, the narrow provincial foibles, the gossip of the street where men and women bend toward each other in whispering groups; where the houses, decrepit, rich or poor lean on each other in friendly support; window to window, door gaping upon door, balcony to balcony, and roofs projecting to meet one another; all simulating the living groups of the streets in friendly chats, describing little dramas, breathing new secrets or laughing over the little comedies unfolded within the walls.

It is in such an atmosphere that our Fogazzaro was born and developed, where he has been content to remain, but where, with holy touch of genius he has achieved the great in the midst of the little; surrounded by peace he has divined the world's tragedies; in little Vicenza he has fathomed universal life. And there also he has developed that keen humor and deep sympathy that from his studio over the valley of Silence has come to us in perfect fusion of idealism and realism. Fortune has smiled upon this writer and he may revel in the peace and inspirations of sylvan freshness, architectural beauty and the color-laden gardens of the villas about him. His life, in fact, is so intimate with his surroundings that Valsolda, Bassano, Villa Carre, Villa Roi, Montegaldo and others have each witnessed the birth of a character that has illuminated his books.

All this affluence has not weakened his fibre, and culture has developed in him stronger and stronger human sympathy. His is the true interpretation of wealth and intellectual supremacy. Time was when Italy had vast culture and with a certain class it is still maintained, but in the earlier days culture represented an individual acquisition, a private ornament or was used for the aggrandizement of æsthetic Italy. Little was ever thought of the amelioration of the classes. Now, however, Italy has entered a new era and her sons realize that culture is ephemeral if it does not go hand in hand with social service, that the privilege of culture or mental superiority imposes greater obligations toward their fellowmen.

Fogazzaro represents very eminently this new element. He does not write to amuse himself nor to amuse us. He is a hero and a fearless combatant for the highest ideals—Matilde Serao calls him: *'Cavaliere dello Spirito'* and some other admirer 'The poet of the Ideal.' He works for the unravelling of perplexing problems; to bring clarity where seeming darkness reigns; to add greater dignity to man by enlarging his mission beyond terrestrial usefulness; to harmonize progress with his faith.

Translated in prose the few following lines lose much of their plastic beauty, but the sentiment still remains—they are taken from his 'Novis-

sime Verba' and may be called his 'Credo'—'Toward the din of battle I march mid darkness, thoughtful and armed. Where the battle rages there a place is reserved for me. For each confronting faith that from dust to freedom rises; for each strong love, for each wrath by that faith kindled, Onward Soldier.' Again in one of his many addresses he said: 'We are not mounted on the saddle to aspire to epaulets, but only for combat.' Is is invigorating to know of a man among Italians so valiant, so earnest in achieving his highest, in his effort to reach new worlds, rejecting tepid luxuries; noble and simple; never supine; never timorous of severing obsolete traditions, but ever moving forward with spirituality and faith—and indeed he needs dignity and strength to remain impassive under all the attacks that envious critics, blatant reds and blacks continually make against him. Italy may have better or greater poets among her sons, but she has not a stronger artistic conscience than he of Valsolda who (as some one has said) 'has known how to extract poetry from life and give life to poetry'. Idealism and deep sane faith form the essence of his life.

Philosophically he is a follower of Rosmini, and in his art has followed so closely that other rosminian, Manzoni that he is called the last of the manzonians. This must not be taken too literally however, because Fogazzaro has introduced in his works elements that Manzoni never thought of, or never admitted, which is but natural when we make allowance for the time separating them and the totally different conditions of Italy at the present.

This may be further illustrated by considering the books that in part fill the shelves of Fogazzaro's library. He says himself:

'In my library are reflected the different phases of my intellectual evolution, besides the general books indispensable to any collection. Books on Hypnotism and spiritualism with Proceedings of the Society of Psychical Research, lying closely to Swedenborg, Prel, Brofferio, etc. The book of Joseph Lecomte which first revealed to me the intimate accord of my evolutionary belief and my religious faith, the anonymous little book "Vestiges of Creation" famous in the history of Evolution; Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, Wallace, Mivart, Grey, Lyell and many others representing the school of Materialism, Spiritualism and Evolution. In Philosphy, *Rosmini, little else.* On religion and religious questions many books including Babel and Bibel, Schell, Loisy, etc. Socialism, Henry George and a few others. In the line of favorite readings at one time Montaigne, Essays of Bacon (my *vade mecum*). Of novels not many and mostly English, from Walter Scott to the modern. Of Tolstoi much, in proportion, and not a little of Zola which, however, I shall in time re-

duce to one volume. Stendhal is also represented, but I would not open it now any more than I dare touch the frozen body of a larva.'

Such a slight knowledge of the books of his library is interesting and illuminating and we may thus follow his works with greater intelligence.

In Fogazzaro we have poet, novelist and social-philosophic romance-writer. He is not a colorist and although he has given virile pages of prose and exquisite lines of poetry he appears as a skilled draughtsman or a chiseller of cameos, masterfully carved in depth and definition, again almost nebulous in dainty modelling, but invariably uniform in color. He has not the rich palette of his contemporary D'Annunzio who can with his magic pen transform words into marvelous paintings. In fact one thinks in pigments, the other in marble. Fogazzaro often uses and abuses the dialect; D'Annunzio has the power of conveying unmistakably the sonority, rapidity, vehemence and picturesqueness of the Abruzzi speech and yet keeping Italian. This is eminently illustrated in 'The Daughter of Jorio' and 'The Light under the Bushel.'

The literary career of Fogazzaro began as a poet and began early. 'Miranda,' 'Valsolda,' 'Intermezzi,' 'Gavotte,' 'Eva,' 'Novissima Verba,' and many other lyrics contain the philosophy, religious faith, and eminence of thought that have ever preoccupied this writer, nevertheless his lyrics must take a secondary place in our interest.

Of his works in prose we may begin with the 'Essays' and 'Human Ascensions' (*Asoensioni Umane*) in which the effort of the writer to establish the proper harmony between science and religion leads us to recognize at once the fruits of his studies of Le Comte and others. 'Le Poete de l'Avenir,' a conference delivered at the Sorbonne in Paris, is the closing chapter of 'Human Ascensions.' In 'For a New Science' (*Per una Nuova scienza*) the author is grasping with questions of Hypnotism and Spiritualism.

Among the novels we have 'Sonatine bizzarre,' 'Brief Stories' (*Racconti brevi*), and 'Fedele'. In all these may be found gems of thought and splendid workmanship. His 'Silver Crucifix' among them, an artistic production of unusual beauty, 'Pereat Rochus' may also be mentioned as one of his best productions among novels, worthy to be taken as classic and preminently Fogazzarian.

With regard to the romances, 'Malombra,' 'Daniele Cortis,' and 'Mysteries of the Poet'; we are borne in 'Malombra' to the very centre of Spiritism or Occultism. It is evident that Fogazzaro is reaching out to a new world and endeavors to assuage internal strife. When one enters such ground, conditions become labyrinthian. It is said that the author consumed six years in finishing this work, therefore it must not sur-

prise us to find that artist, poet and thinker are at variance and interfering with each other. 'Malombra' contain some very fine descriptions of nature; the language at times fits skilfully the mysticism of the thought, but the story lacks movement; it is unexplained and leaves us desirous of greater harmony and more conviction. It is also peccant of the melodramatic and thus a book, unfortunately voluminous, becomes proportionately wearisome.

'Daniele Cortis' is the Idealist's companion. Written twenty or more years ago it remains exceedingly interesting, wholesome and hopeful. 'Daniele' is 'simpatico,' as the Italians would say, with his vigorous, active idealism. Daniele and Elena (wife of a worthless aristocrat) love each other, yet they move about in such a refined, dignified, traditional atmosphere that the reader has full confidence they will not be dragged into vulgarity. The contrast of the two, man and woman, is well defined and psychologically interesting. Although the *deus ex machina* appears now and then, it is tactfully done. The whole story is lofty and adds to human self respect, since it is uninfluenced by the filth-stained canons of other writers.

In the third romance 'The Mystery of the Poet' we find comparatively inferior work. We move once more in the realms of 'Malombra;' but the subject is treated with less skill. We meet only a very insipid Poet whose genius is not patent and whose moral standard is rather uncertain. We may still hold the palm for 'Daniele Cortis,' most rich in all the elements that form a work of art. Philosophy, psychology, religion, poetry, dignity and simplicity, all unfolded in a pleasing and natural manner.

We come now to the later and mature period of Fogazzaro's artistic and useful life. 'The Little Old World,' 'The Little Modern World,' form with his last book 'The Saint' a trilogy which carries us again to the field of observation and truth.

Antonio Fogazzaro was seventeen years old in 1859, a period as we all know full of significant preparations, strife and final victory and redemption. Such a period must have made a deep and lasting impression upon this young and naturally responsive mind. Thus in 'The Little Old World,' we have the conspiracies, the passions, heroisms, virtues, faults and Austrian persecutions of that time. A theme indeed full of treacherous footfalls for the romance writer, and a theme that leads with slippery facility into the melodramatic, a fault to which the writer succumbs but is fortunately saved by other and excellent features.

Franco Maironi marries Luisa Rigey and the marriage is bitterly opposed by the family. The bitterness of this opposition is very intense, forms a splendid introduction to the story and conveys the right color-

ing to the atmosphere of this feverish period. The analysis of the two characters is most felicitous in its delicate delineation. It opens to the reader the soul of the two protagonists, but the knowledge is gained through what surrounds them, rather than by direct information. The book is of course ascetic and the religious question is ever prevalent. Franco deeply religious, Luisa atheistic; Franco is a dreamer, Luisa the contrary; Franco is passive and Luisa is active. Their love binds them to each other but is a physical love. One can imagine the subtilties of contrast necessary to explain this union. The study of Franco is also interesting in comparing it with the other idealist Daniele Cortis. The passive idealism of Franco would never satisfy the energetic idealism of the other. One is a dreamer, the other a doer. The apathy of the husband is in continuous contrast with the strength of the wife. Franco's deep faith is well balanced by Luisa's deep sense of justice, which is with her a religion. And in both the patriotism is so strong as to be a religion, vivified in Franco by his idealism, and in Luisa by the sense of duty. Fogazzaro could not withstand the temptation of introducing a little spiritism, when he tries to bring Luisa in correspondence with the spirit of her dead daughter, Maria, an attempt, however soon relinquished; for the critic within Fogazzaro saw the danger to the unity of Luisa's character.

The second of the trilogy, 'The Little Modern World,' is again inferior in texture and details. In this, Piero Maironi and Jeanne Desalle are introduced and they are the important characters of the last book. But Piero Maironi is inferior, in interest, to Franco.

Fogazzaro's works are in their artistic value like the flight of the finch, continually dipping and rising in its transit from tree to tree. Nevertheless it must be remembered that the illustration may be accepted literally, for this writer is always high above the common ground.

Piero Maironi rises again in 'The Saint' (*Il Santo*). In this work we have the riepilogation of Fogazzaro's works. All his faith is concentrated in it. Christian Democracy, born in the idealistic mind of Daniele Cortis in practice with the old Uncle, in the first book of the trilogy, again reappears, and is preached by Piero in 'The Saint.' The character is very beautifully drawn. The double strength of the human and the spiritual is given it; and, the fact that Piero, a sinner and worldly man has conquered his love for Jeanne and renounces the world, not for ascetic retirement, but that he may bring strength and comfort to his fellowmen, enhances its power. Piero's teachings are hardly new, though still unheeded, and many may incline to say that such a book has no place in fiction. Yet it must not be judged too superficially. The very stage of Maironi's developments lends significance and eminence to 'The Saint.'

If the scene were laid elsewhere it might indeed lose some of its importance, but laid in Italy and in Rome, it assumes force. It establishes a reflection of progress, an atmosphere of thoughtfulness. It brings new hopes to those Italians whose traditional religious faith is tenacious and sincere, yet, who see the wrongs and incompatibility of the Roman Church; who recognize their duty as Italian citizens to strive for fraternity, and who wish to help others. They are not blind to the progress of the world and desire to march with it.

Amid the vapid literature of the day it is unusual and hopeful to meet with a man who invites you to meditate and to consider perplexing questions of conscience and polity. 'The Saint' has been placed in the category of polemical works like 'John Inglesant' and 'Robert Elsmere' but this is hardly just to its breadth of subject, finesse of drawing, or to its rank in æsthetic writing.

Let it not be compared to any other work, but let it be accepted as the work of an Italian, written in Italian and for Italians. Let it represent the dignified message of a man who feels the ambigous conditions of Italy in matters of faith.

Though it be admitted to be at variance with our own beliefs and opinions, still it will always demand and receive our sincere admiration. The proper relations of Church and State have ceased to be political in Italy and have become ethical. 'The Saint' preaches what Italians, blacks and whites, should hear, and for that matter, the world should hear.

There is a strong doubt in the minds of many, that the reformation of the Church is possible with a promise of endurance; but if our minds are broad and if we have courage a doubt may be a starting point for better things. Italy needs a sane religious renaissance, which, without being too radical or unracial, will place her in the front line of progress and happiness. It is fortunate therefore that Italy has a noble earnest leader like Antonio Fogazzaro, to whom we speed the echo of his words: 'Onward, Soldier.' To the reader, therefore, we offer a warm exhortation to grace by sympathetic study, the works of this gifted writer who has known how to temper his Latin genius with the refining touch of English literature and thought.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IS 'Pippa Passes' a drama? One of our contributors to this number of *Poet Lore* after a most sincere and unbiased trial of 'Pippa' at the bar of judgment upon its stage presentation in New York, concludes that it is not a drama but a dramatic poem. His conclusion has suggested two lines of thought to us; first whether a drama must necessarily be just what everybody thinks it ought to be; second, if it is a dramatic poem, why should not a dramatic poem have a stage interpretation?

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Like every other alive form, either natural or artistic, the drama, just by dint of being what everybody thinks it ought to be has assumed—whenever its makers and hearers were not sheep, but leaders—many different shapes under different hands. Some of these shapes have never been developed—so far as the history of literature knows—in all their inherent capabilities. And this has happened not through any fault in the germinating idea, but in the conditions of the time. The seed was good, its growth desirable, for its peculiar dramatic purpose and result: but the conditions unfavorable.

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It happens that the dramatic form of Browning's 'Pippa Passes' is one of the most interesting in its capabilities of the manifold forms that pushed their way in the ground in the vigorous dawn of our modern European Drama. It is that form of dramatic story which is allied to our very earliest Christian dramatic form. It was enacted yearly in the mediæval monasteries and churches of Christendom. It showed forth the stations of Christ's progress through his personal passion, and the groups affected by it, to the tomb. It was acted out by showing, processionally, the main stages of the life of a single overpowering personality, as it touched other lives.

This sort of medieval processional drama, passing through a succession of stage-settings, represented in a series of little booth-like stages, whose manifold scenes were knit together and unified only by the influence of one and the same personality in each group at each scene, is the extremely interesting medieval dramatic form which Browning revived in 'Pippa Passes.'

It seems not to have been a form used only in enacting the 'Stations.' But this is one of the most prominent exemplars of the form, whose

traces are still extant. The 'Stations' are still told yearly in the Roman church, the priest and his little group of hearers still passing along the aisles from pillar to pillar and pausing before each, where hangs the picture showing forth a scene in the progressive story of one life's effects.

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The events, the side-issues, the complications of this sort of drama,—as everybody knows—the Shepherd Kings, Herod, events from the point of view of the devil and his imps, and his buffoon, the Vice, were among the early, so to speak, 'socializing' results of secularizing the sacred drama, both in the church and out of it. Thence many another variety branched, not here concerning us. But the point is that this dramatic form which Browning revived is one of the oldest and most vital of our latent undeveloped forms of scenic art. And because it is especially adapted to bodying forth the manifold action of a unitary person and principle, therefore the new and original phase of it Browning struck out to show forth one day of an innocent unknown girl's life is artistically flawless. It entirely suits the dramatic motive that occurred to him while rambling alone through the Dulwich woods 'of someone walking thus alone through life; one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting though unconscious influence at every step of it.'

* * * * *

To dramatise this motive in any other way would be less artistic. The most discouraging aspects of the accounts of this play which some contemporaneous critics have given is not the effect of their words upon the poet or the actors or even the audiences—for not everybody in any audience can be blinded by any critic. No; the most discouraging aspect of such accounts is the account the critic gives of himself as one not equipped for his task of dramatic criticism by that open-minded and thorough knowledge of dramatic origins and development which would forbid him to hold the view that a drama must seek a stereotyped external form, regardless of its informing motive.

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Now as to the second point. Our contributor felt that the poetic atmosphere of 'Pippa' disappeared in the realism of presentation on the stage. We do not believe there is any intrinsic reason why the poetry should disappear in this way. If it does, it is because the realistic methods of modern stage-craft are used in presenting things of the spirit that require more ideal methods of presentation. Why should not the action of the dramatic poem be given by suggestion just as it is in opera? We all know how operatic heroines start off on long journeys in the dead of winter without any extra wraps but a lace mantilla thrown over the

shoulders. The lace mantilla simply stands as the symbol of a wrap in a world where all is symbolic. So the poverty of the little silk-winder Pippa, should be suggested instead of shown forth in all its ugly realism. Similarly with her dressing! She may be already nearly dressed and merely add a few external things to her toilette to suggest dressing, and her toilette should be beautiful in color and form, and suggest poverty only by the simplicity of the material. We know by experience that if the first and last scenes in which Pippa appears are treated like an opera rather than like a play, the poetic atmosphere is preserved intact.

The writer had the pleasure of preparing several years ago a presentation of 'Pippa Passes' for *The Boston Browning Society*. Pippa's room was bare and simple but did not suggest squalor, and as the sun rose and flooded the room with light it looked almost fairy-like. Pippa herself woke up in this rosy light and sang sleepily and then louder while she merely indicated, by the way, the process of dressing, which so troubles our contributor. The poetic atmosphere was maintained throughout and the audience felt that they had seen Pippa as the poet sees her, not as the vulgar crowd might see her. Though not in point here, it may interest some of our readers to know that the remainder of the scenes were given in tableaux: namely, two poses before Pippa's song, and two after her song. The result was most assuredly not modern dramatic realism but it was certainly beautiful, and uplifting. The question is are we to narrow ourselves down to a single conception of dramatic presentation, or are we to regard acting as a medium by means of which through the development of more subtle methods of conveying impressions we may present poetic or divine influences symbolically as well as the stark realism of every day life. Shall we not admit into our category of legitimate dramatic art forms, the dramatic poem holding a place midway between the drama of event and the opera? It seems to us there can be but one answer, for there should be no limit in the possibilities of variation in art forms.

C. P. and H. A. C.